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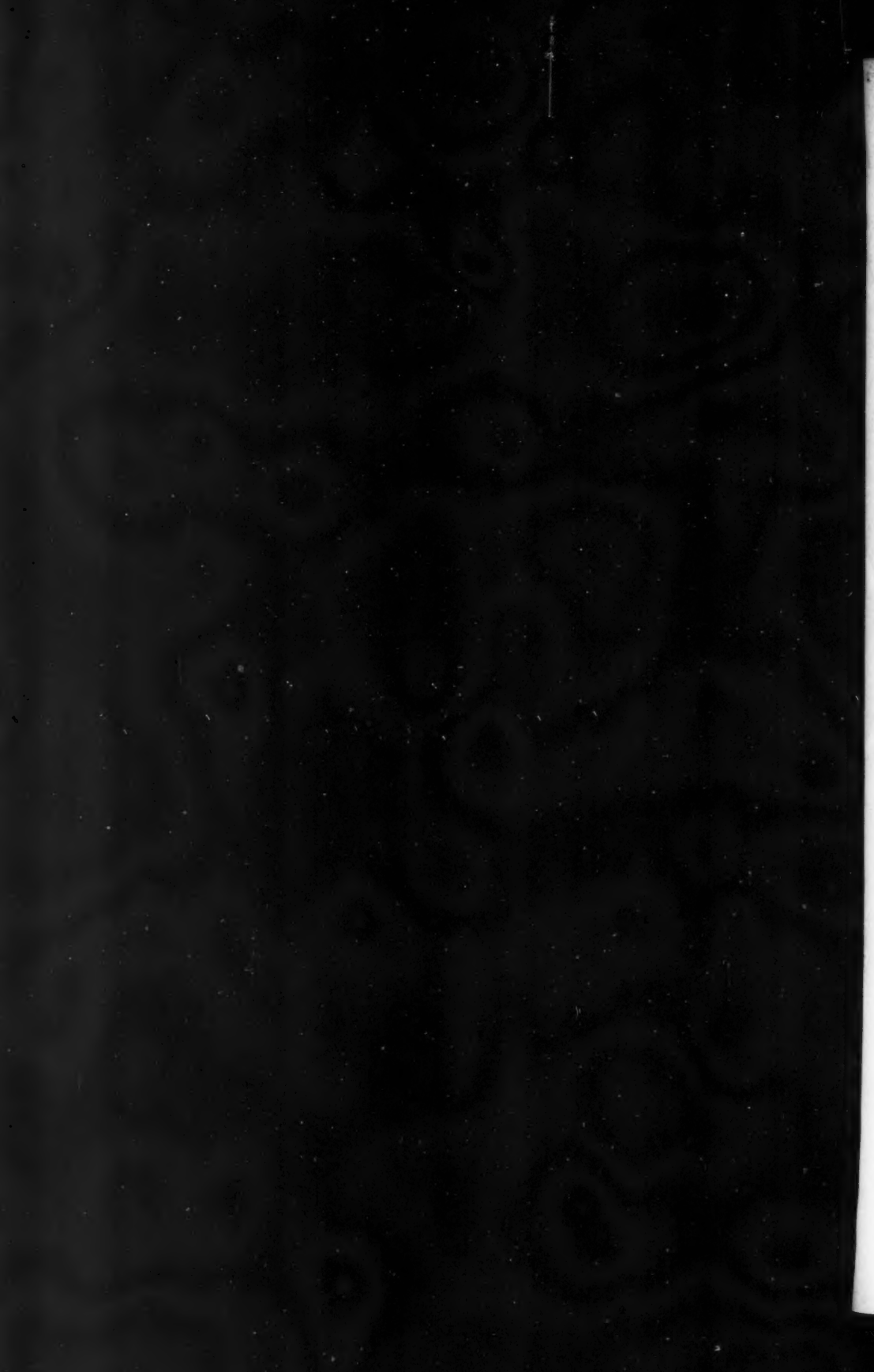
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Fifth Series, }
Volume LXVI. }

No. 2343. — May 25, 1889.

{ From Beginning
Vol. CLXXXI.

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A MARCH MINSTREL.

HAIL! once again, that sweet strong note!
 Loud on my loftiest larch,
 Thou quaverest with thy mottled throat,
 Brave minstrel of bleak March!

Hearing thee flute, who pines or grieves
 For vernal smiles and showers?
 Thy voice is greener than the leaves,
 And fresher than the flowers.

Scorning to wait for tuneful May
 When every throat can sing,
 Thou floutest Winter with thy lay,
 And art thyself the Spring.

While daffodils, half mournful still,
 Muffle their golden bells.
 Thy silvery peal o'er landscape chill
 Surges, and sinks, and swells.

Across the unsheltered pasture floats
 The young lamb's shivering bleat.
 There is no trembling in thy notes,
 For all the snow and sleet.

Let the bullace bide till frosts have ceased,
 The blackthorn loiter long;
 Undaunted by the blustering east,
 Thou burgeonest into song.

Yet who can wonder thou dost dare
 Confront what others flee?
 Thy carol cuts the keen March air
 Keener than it cuts thee.

The selfish cuckoo tarrieth till
 April repays his boast.
 Thou, thou art lavish of thy trill,
 Now when we need it most.

The nightingale, while buds are coy,
 Delays to chant its grief.
 Brave throstle! thou dost pipe for joy,
 With never a bough in leaf.

Even fond turtle-doves forbear
 To coo till woods are warm.
 Thou hast the heart to love and pair
 Ere the cherry blossoms swarm.

The skylark, fluttering to be heard
 In realms beyond his birth,
 Soars vainly heavenward. Thou, wise bird!
 Art satisfied with earth.

Thy home is not upon the ground,
 Thy hope not in the sky;
 Near to thy nest thy notes resound,
 Neither too low nor high.

Blow what wind will, thou dost rejoice
 To carol, and build, and woo.
 Throstle! to me impart thy voice;
 Impart thy wisdom too.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

TO A THRUSH IN JANUARY.

I.

BRAVE, happy bird! Yea, so thrice happy,
 thou,
 Who, heedless all of cold and suffering,
 Of sad times past, or what the days may bring
 Of hardship that will, haply, end thee, lo!
 There from yon leafless tree, on topmost
 bough,
 Flooding the landscape round, dost sweetly
 sing,
 Heart-full of joy and gladness as 'twere
 Spring,
 And only roses were to look for now!
 Well if of thee a lesson man would learn,
 When hapless days befall, nor vainly fret
 And vex his soul with comfortless concern,
 But, fain of heart, sure find some goodness
 yet
 In evil, till to grace itself it turn,
 And he his cares in grateful praise forget!

II.

Gaily thou singest this dull Winter morn,
 With joyous make-believe of May and mirth,
 As thou wert not a-hunger'd, for the dearth
 Of bud or berry upon tree or thorn,
 Throughout the range of wood and plain for-
 lorn,
 Seek, starveling, as thou may; nor from thy
 birth
 Hadst known save peace and plenty on the
 earth,
 Nor nature e'er an unkind aspect worn!
 Ah me! but if thou die ere Winter cease;
 And when the Spring flowers blossom, and
 the air
 Swoons with rich odors, and their toil the
 bees
 Set to soft music, thou'rt no longer there!
 "Sing, while thou art," thy song doth seem
 to say,
 "Nor with dreams vex thee of a doubtful
 day."

Month.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

"HE PURGETH IT."

NATIONS need sometime suffering: when our
 mood
 Is soft, emasculate, and fearing pain;
 When indolence and torpor chill the blood,
 And insolence and bluster fire the brain;
 When, puny sons of mighty sires, we deem
 Our fathers' stature greater than our own,
 We cannot wear their armor; and we dream
 Heroic dreams, the life heroic flown:
 Then, oh! come loss, come suffering — only
 shame
 Be absent! come, and to our souls discover,
 Ere the reluctant day of grace be over,
 Lost manhood's greatness, now inert and
 tame!
 Virtue's foundation strong is to be bold;
 The nobler metal iron is, not gold.
 Spectator.

A. G. B.

From The Quarterly Review.

MOTLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.*

AMONG the many Americans and foreigners who, in recent years, have undertaken to describe England, her customs, and her inhabitants, there are but few who have enjoyed such opportunities as did Mr. Motley of mixing with and studying the inner life of our best society; and never perhaps have such opportunities been combined with that genius of observation and faculty for description, which were possessed by the historian of the Dutch republic. They are but sketches that he gives us, but sketches which comprise most of the leading characters of the time, dashed off from day to day in all the ease and unrestraint of his familiar correspondence, and instinct with the natural humor and genial, if somewhat cynical, wit of the man.

We have mentioned at the outset these outline sketches of London society, not because they form the largest or most important portion of the correspondence, but because it is to them that many of our readers will turn with the greatest eagerness. There is scarcely a capital in Europe with which Mr. Motley was not familiar; his diplomatic duties or his literary researches had, at one time or another, entailed residence at St. Petersburg and Vienna, at the Hague, Brussels, Berlin, and Rome. To the accounts of these are added descriptions of the best circles in Boston and Washington, both from his own pen and those of such correspondents as Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell; each interesting in no ordinary degree, but especially interesting to the insular mind of the Englishman as the background, and if we may be allowed the expression, the foil to that more extended picture of London society of which he wrote:—

I cannot help forming a favorable idea of English civilization when I see the position accorded in this country to those who cultivate

art, science, and literature, as if those things were worth something, and were entitled to some consideration, as well as high birth, official rank, and wealth, which on the Continent are the only passports.

Partly, perhaps, owing to a want of sympathy with the French and their existing form of government, partly to an intense dislike and distrust of her ruler, of whom he never speaks save in terms of reprobation, Mr. Motley did not share that love of Paris which is a proverbial attribute of his countrymen.

"Upon leaving Switzerland," he writes to his mother in 1855, "we passed a month in Paris. I don't like to say much about that episode in our history, because the immense fatigue and expense of passing four weeks in that place so entirely counter-balances all satisfaction which can be derived from it, that I cannot speak upon the subject without injustice and exaggeration." And three years later: "The influences of Paris are very depressing to me. I dislike the place more and more every time I come to it."

Scarce twelve years have passed since he was moving about in London society, and yet in turning over the leaves of these volumes it is sad to reflect, how few of his intimate personal associates are still remaining among us. Those who had the privilege of his acquaintance will not readily forget the aristocratic air, the singularly handsome features, the cultured, if somewhat sarcastic wit, for which he was remarkable; those who knew him more intimately could not fail to be impressed with his deep sincerity and sympathy, but to the world at large he is now little more than a name. "An author may interest his public by his work, or by his personality, or by both," writes the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; Motley the historian is known, and will be known, wherever the English language is spoken or read; of Motley the man, but a vague and indefinite impression exists.

It is true that a memoir of him has been written by his friend Oliver Wendell Holmes, but it is not so widely known in this country as it deserves to be, nor is it such a work as would, apart from any previous interest in its subject, appeal to the general reader; it is addressed rather to

* 1. *The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., formerly United States Minister in England; Author of "Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," etc.* Edited by George William Curtis. 2 vols. London, 1889.

2. *John Lothrop Motley, a Memoir.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. London, 1878.

Motley's friends and enemies—for he had enemies—than to the world at large. Moreover, the work is in the main an *apologia pro vitâ ejus*; his resignation of his post at Vienna in 1867; his recall from London in 1870; the attack on his religious opinions, his "Unitarianism" and "Rationalism," by Mr. Groen van Prinsterer, are all dealt with at considerable length, and give the book, intentionally perhaps, a polemical character.

The two volumes before us contain merely a selection from his correspondence chiefly with the members of his own family and his intimate friends; the editorial notes are few and far between, and where gaps in the series, extending at times over two or three years, render a connecting link necessary, it is confined to the briefest possible narration of facts.

In short, Mr. Motley's life can best be read and studied between the lines of his own correspondence, and we are confident that it is a study which will repay him who undertakes it. His career was passed among some of the best stirring events and most prominent characters of the present century, but was of itself devoid of any striking external incidents; it was, moreover, full of contrarieties, and it is in a great measure to them that we owe these charming volumes. Deeply attached to the members of his own family, he was, by the exigencies of his profession, separated, sometimes for long periods, from them; American to the backbone, and a thoroughgoing hater of monarchy, he was compelled to pass the best years of his life at European courts, and amidst European aristocracies; passionately attached to the cause of the North, he resided in England at a time when English sympathies were strongly drawn towards the Confederate cause; a devoted adherent of the Republican party, he was by two successive Republican presidents treated in a manner which wounded his sensitive nature to the quick, and contributed not a little to his early death.

Amid such conflicting circumstances his natural genius was sharpened, and, to his credit be it said, the chastening which he underwent seems in the end to have strengthened the nobler qualities of his

nature, and to have softened the rigid character of his political creed.

John Lothrop Motley was born at Dorchester, now a suburb of Boston, on April 15, 1814. His father, Thomas Motley, a man of no little ability, was the author of some of the once celebrated "Major Downing's Letters," and his mother, Anna Lothrop, was a descendant of the Checkley or Chichele family, so famous in the annals of Oxford University. When the author of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" went to Oxford in 1860 to receive his D.C.L. degree, he wrote to his mother:—

I was sorry that on the Commemoration Day we lunched in University Hall rather than in All Souls', where we were also expected, because All Souls' was founded by Archbishop Chicheley, in the reign of Henry VI., of a Northampton family, of which your grandfather Checkley was no doubt descended. Until very recently, any one proving kindred with the old archbishop might claim free instruction at his college, so that I might have been educated at All Souls' at small expense, but the privilege is now done away with.

Mr. and Mrs. Motley had the reputation of being the handsomest couple in Boston; and his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, and to whom a large part of the best letters in this collection is addressed, is described by Mr. Holmes as

a woman who could not be looked upon without admiration. I well remember the sweet dignity of her aspect, her "regal beauty," as Mr. Phillips truly styles it, and the charm of her serene and noble presence, which made her the type of a perfect motherhood. Her character corresponded to the promise of her gracious aspect. She was one of the fondest of mothers, but not thoughtlessly indulgent to the boy from whom she hoped and expected more than she thought it wise to let him know.

At the age of ten years he was sent to a school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, kept by a Mr. C. W. Greene, but within a year he was transferred to the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., an establishment which at that time had attained success and popularity under the management of Mr. Joseph S. Cogswell and Mr. George Bancroft, the future historian of the United States. We are told that

Motley went thither with a considerable reputation, especially as a declaimer, and Shakespeare, Scott, and Cooper would appear to have been among his favorite authors.

I did wonder [said Mr. Wendell Phillips] at the diligence and painstaking, the drudgery shown in his historical works. In early life he had no industry, not needing it. All he cared for in a book he caught quickly—the spirit of it—and all his mind needed or would use. This quickness of apprehension was marvellous.

His great aptitude for learning languages had also exhibited itself at an early age. His want of industry led to his temporary rustication while at Harvard, but on his return thither he appears to have amended his ways, and to have ended his university career creditably, if not with the highest honors.

Having graduated at Harvard at the early age of eighteen, young Motley proceeded in 1831 to complete his education in Germany, and at this point commences that series of descriptive letters to his parents which continues to his mother's death in 1865, and forms, so to speak, the backbone of the series. Arrived at Göttingen, he was forthwith enrolled on the books of the university, and set himself in earnest to study the German language, in which he attained such proficiency that in after years he was asked by the emperor of Austria whether he were not a German.

In his letters home he describes in all their eccentricities the manners and customs of the German students; mentions the names of his English and American companions and friends; describes his holiday rambles and his legal studies; but we look in vain for any allusion to the origin and growth of an acquaintance with a fellow-student, formed during those years, which was already ripening into a lifelong friendship with one of Germany's greatest men.

I never pass by old Logier's House, in the Friedrichstrasse [wrote Bismarck in 1863] without looking up at the windows that used to be ornamented by a pair of red slippers sustained on the wall by the feet of a gentleman sitting in the Yankee way, his head below and out of sight. I then gratify my mem-

ory with remembrance of "good old colony times when we were roguish chaps."*

It is difficult to realize that the following epistle was addressed by the Prussian minister of foreign affairs to the minister of the United States at the court of Vienna:—

Berlin, May 23rd, 1864.

JACK MY DEAR, — Where the devil are you, and what do you do that you never write a line to me? I am working from morn to night like a nigger, and you have nothing to do at all—you might as well tip me a line as well as looking on your feet tilted against the wall of God knows what a dreary color. I cannot entertain a regular correspondence; it happens to me that during five days I do not find a quarter of an hour for a walk; but you, lazy old chap, what keeps you from thinking of your old friends? When just going to bed in this moment my eye met with yours on your portrait, and I curtailed the sweet restorer, sleep, in order to remind you of Auld Lang Syne. Why do you never come to Berlin? It is not a quarter of an American's holiday journey from Vienna, and my wife and me should be so happy to see you once more in this sullen life. When can you come, and when will you? I swear that I will make out the time to look with you on old Logier's quarters, and drink a bottle with you at Gerolt's, where they once would not allow you to put your slender legs upon a chair. Let politics be hanged and come to see me. I promise that the Union Jack shall wave over our house, and conversation and the best old hock shall pour damnation upon the rebels. Do not forget old friends, neither their wives, as mine wishes nearly as ardently as myself to see you, or at least to see as quickly as possible a word of your handwriting.

Sei gut und komm oder schreibe.

Dein, V. BISMARCK.

Haunted by the old song, "In good old Colony Times."

Though Motley's letters, however, are silent on this point, the want is in great measure supplied by Prince Bismarck himself, for in 1878, in answer to an appeal from Dr. Holmes, he wrote:—

I met Motley at Göttingen in 1832, I am not sure if at the beginning of the Easter term or Michaelmas term. He kept company with

* In 1838, Prince Bismarck, in his great speech to the German Reichsrath, quoted this song, adding at the same time that he had learned it from his "dear deceased friend, John Motley."

German students, though more addicted to study than we members of the fighting clubs. Although not having mastered yet the German language he exercised a marked attraction by a conversation sparkling with wit, humor, and originality. In autumn of 1833, having both of us emigrated from Göttingen to Berlin for the prosecution of our studies, we became fellow-lodgers in the house No. 161, Friedrich-strasse. There we lived in the closest intimacy, sharing meals and outdoor exercise. Motley by that time had arrived at talking German fluently: he occupied himself not only in translating Goethe's poem, "Faust," but tried his hand even in composing German verses. Enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, he used to spice his conversation abundantly with quotations from these his favorite authors. A pertinacious arguer, so much so that sometimes he watched my awakening in order to continue a discussion on some topic of science, poetry, or practical life cut short by the chime of the small hours, he never lost his mild and amiable temper. . . . The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies.

Having completed his studies at Göttingen and Berlin, which included a course of lectures on law from Savigny, Motley, then in his twenty-first year, set off on a twelvemonth's journey in Europe, principally in Austria, Italy, and Sicily; that the past two years of work had not been in vain is proved by his letters, which begin to show increasing signs of that picturesque vigor which is so marked a feature in his more mature writings. The comments of a youth of twenty-one on his first journey along the beaten track of European travel are not wont to bear the light of publication half a century later; but whether he is describing his ascent of Etna,* or calling up the ghosts of old scenes and characters among the ruins of Hadrian's Villa, or pondering over the Apollo Belvedere and the Aurora in Rome, his reflections display an originality and a sympathetic insight uncommon in so young a man.

In the summer of 1835 Motley returned to Boston, with the intention of practising

as a lawyer, and here occurs the first hiatus in the correspondence, for in the next letter we find him, in 1841, leaving his wife and family to take up his duties as secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, but Dr. Holmes enables us to supply the deficiency. In 1837 he was married to Mary Benjamin, of whom

those who remember her find it hard to speak in the common terms of praise which they award to the good and lovely. She was not only handsome, amiable, and agreeable, but there was a cordial frankness, an open-hearted sincerity about her which made her seem like a sister to those who could help becoming her lovers.

How happy a marriage this proved to be is testified on almost every page of the subsequent correspondence; how terrible a blow to Motley was her death is shown by his touching letter to Dr. Holmes, written a few months after that event.

The other leading episode in these years was the publication of Motley's first novel, "Morton's Hope." The book was a failure, and is now only interesting from the fact, that — like many another book written at a time when the influence of Byron, reflected by Benjamin Disraeli, was strongly at work — it contains much that is of an autobiographical character. That it was a failure is admitted by the author, who in 1861 wrote: —

Then I knew how hard it was to write a novel. *Haud inexpertus loquor.* Did I not have two novels killed under me (as Balzac phrases it) before I found that my place was among the sappers and miners and not the lancers?

To return to the correspondence, we find Motley in the autumn of 1841 on his way to take up his appointment at the court of the czar; he arrived at his post in the early part of November, but it is evident from the first that his position was uncongenial to him; his office he describes as a sinecure; he was out of sympathy with Russian society, "which," he writes, "is very showy and gay, but entirely hollow, and anything but intellectual." "You have no idea," he adds later on, "of the absolute and dreary solitude in which I live," and before three months had elapsed he had thrown up his appointment, and quitted forever a country of which he wrote: —

Peter the Great alone raised Russia out of the quagmire of barbarism, just as he raised St. Petersburg out of the morass; but it seems to me that just as this city may at any moment, by six hours too long continuance of a south-west wind, be inundated and swamped forever.

* The effect produced on his mind by the famous shadow of the mountain is shown by a passage in the "Dutch Republic," Part I, ch. iii.: "As across the bright plains of Sicily when the sun is rising, the vast pyramidal shadow of Mount Etna is definitely and visibly projected — the phantom of that ever-present enemy which holds fire and devastation in its bosom — so in the morning hour of Philip's reign the shadow of the Inquisition was cast from afar across those warm and smiling provinces, a spectre menacing fiercer flames and wider desolation than those which mere physical agencies could ever compass."

so may Russia at any moment, through a succession of half-a-dozen bad Czars, be submerged in its original barbarism.

In the brief period of his residence at St. Petersburg, Motley found occasion to send home to his family some graphic accounts of the Russian court and society :

The Czar is deserving of all the praise I have heard of him. He is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, six feet three inches at least in height, and "every inch a king." His figure is robust, erect, and stately, and his features are of great symmetry, and his forehead and eye are singularly fine.

The front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten and command.

In short he is a regular-built Jupiter.

In describing a ball in the "Salle Blanche" of the imperial palace, he dwells upon the sumptuous magnificence of the scene :—

The floor of the hall was thronged with dignitaries glittering like goldfinches and chattering like magpies. The most picturesque figures were the officers from the various Asiatic provinces of Russia and from the regions of "frosty Caucasus." The Circassians with their keen eyes, black beards, and white caftans, showed their purer descent from the original stock of the European race, and were well contrasted with the Cossack officers, some of whom looked as if they might have served in Attila's army.

Motley did not immediately return to America, but spent some months travelling about on the Continent, visiting Mme. de Goethe at Weimar, and finally passing a few weeks in Paris, where he attended a meeting of the Chamber of Deputies. Of the speakers he there heard he formed but a low opinion, M. Thiers alone deserving the name of an orator, although his delivery would be more correctly described as squeaking than speaking,—

and yet in spite of his funny voice, every word that he said was distinctly audible, and his style was so fluent, so limpid, and so logical, his manners so assured and self-possessed, that, in spite of the disadvantages of his voice, his figure, and his great round spectacles, which give him the appearance of a small screech-owl, I thought him one of the most agreeable speakers I had ever heard. The Chamber is evidently afraid of him without respecting him, and his consummate brass, added to his ready wit, makes every one of his speeches gall and wormwood to his enemies.

From the summer of 1842, when Motley returned home, there occurs another gap in the correspondence down to 1851. In the interval he took some part in politics. Already those forces which ten years later

were to burst forth in one of the greatest social conflagrations the world has ever seen, were beginning to make themselves felt, and Motley actively supported the candidature of Clay for the presidency; Polk's success was a bitter disappointment to him, and though seven years later he served for a time in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, he does not appear to have had any serious desire to take an active part in American political life.

These years were in fact the most important in his life, for they formed the turning-point of his career. Home politics were, as we have seen, not to his taste; the legal profession, for which he had been trained, never appears to have engaged his serious attention; his first efforts in diplomacy had ended in disappointment; his attempts at fiction had been a failure, for his second novel, "Merry Mount," though not published till 1849, was probably written some years previously; but another form of literature was beginning to absorb his mind.

The character and career of the "sagacious despot," the "Scandinavian wizard," who, though "addicted to drinking, murdering his son, beating his prime minister, and a few other foibles, was still a wonderful man," seems to have been the one thing which aroused the interest of the young diplomatist during his residence in St. Petersburg; and in October, 1845, there appeared in the *North American Review* an historical essay on Peter the Great, "a narrative rather than a criticism, a rapid, continuous, brilliant, almost dramatic narrative," which gave to the world a foretaste of the remarkable power of vivid portraiture which was subsequently to render the name of Motley famous.

In 1847 Mr. Prescott's fame was at its zenith; his two great histories of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and of "The Conquest of Mexico," had in that year been succeeded by his history of "The Conquest of Peru." It was a bold step for a young and almost unknown writer to enter the field occupied by one whose reputation was so firmly and widely established, but this Motley dared to do. Captivated apparently by the analogy which he saw between William of Orange and George Washington, he dared to take up the threads of Spanish history where his master had for the time left them, and to transfer the scene from the little-known New World to the familiar ground of the Old.

Even before the appearance of "The Conquest of Peru," Motley had made some general studies in reference to the subject, without being aware that Prescott had the intention of continuing his work. On receiving intimation of that fact, —

My first thought was, inevitably as it were, only of myself. It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship. For I had not first made up my mind to write a history and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other. When I had made up my mind accordingly, it then occurred to me that Prescott might not be pleased that I should come forward upon his ground. It is true that no announcement of his intentions had been made, and that he had not, I believe, even commenced his preliminary studies for Philip. At the same time I thought it would be disloyal on my part not to go to him at once, confer with him on the subject, and if I should find a shadow of dissatisfaction on his mind at my proposition, to abandon my plan altogether.

I had only the slightest acquaintance with him at that time. I was comparatively a young man, and certainly not entitled on any ground to more than the common courtesy which Prescott never could refuse to any one. But he received me with such a frank and ready and liberal sympathy, and such an open-hearted, guileless expansiveness, that I felt a personal affection for him from that hour. I remember the interview as if it had taken place yesterday. It was in his father's house, in his own library, looking on the garden-house and garden — honored father and illustrious son — alas! all numbered with the things that were.

He assured me that he had not the slightest objection whatever to my plan, that he wished me every success, and that if there were any books in his library bearing on my subject that I liked to use they were entirely at my service.

Had the result of that interview been different — had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement, I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and no doubt have laid down the pen at once; for as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write *one particular history*.

Fortified by this encouragement, Motley set himself to write his history, but

after some two or three years of work in America, he discovered that it was hopeless to attempt the task apart from the original authorities. There was no help for it, the inevitable impulse was upon him, and he boldly determined to abandon what he had done, to transplant his home to Europe, and to seek materials for his great work at the fountain-head.

In the summer of 1851 we once more take up the correspondence to find Motley and his family arriving in Europe, and seeking a residence convenient for the prosecution of his labors.

It is interesting to note his first impressions of that country to which he was destined to render such signal service.

Holland [he writes to his mother] is a stranger and more wonderful country than I had imagined. I did not think that you would so plainly observe how it has been scooped out of the bottom of the sea. But when travelling there you see how the never-ending, still-beginning duel, which this people has so long been waging with the ocean, remains still their natural condition, and the only means by which their physical existence as a nation can be protracted a year. They are always below high-water mark, and the ocean is only kept out by the most prodigious system of dykes and pumps which the heart of man ever conceived. It is like a leaking ship at sea after a tempest, the people are pumping night and day for their lives.

The winter was spent in Dresden; Motley, working ten hours a day, likens his toil to that of a miner, smashing quartz with a sledge hammer, and digging raw material from the subterranean depths of black-letter folios in half-a-dozen different languages, ignorant the while whether his spoil, on being sifted, would yield pure ore, or only dross.

But I confess that I have not been working under ground for so long without hoping that I may make some few people in the world wiser and better by my labor. This must be the case whenever a man honestly "seeks the truths in ages past" to furnish light for the present and future track. And if you only get enough oil to feed a very small lamp it is better than nothing. A little lantern may help you to find an honest man or so in the dark corridor of history; but not if you look for them in the spirit of Diogenes. It is always much harder to find commendable than accusable characters in the world, partly, perhaps, because the world likes better to censure than to commend. I flatter myself that I have found one great, virtuous, and heroic character, William the First of Orange, founder of the Dutch Republic. This man, who did the work of a thousand men every year of his life, who was never inspired by any per-

sonal ambition, but who performed good and lofty actions because he was born to do them, just as other men have been born to do nasty ones, deserves to be better understood than I believe him to have been by the world at large. He is one of the very few men who have a right to be mentioned in the same page with Washington.

The following winter found him still hard at work, oscillating between the Hague — "that mild, stagnant, elegant, drowsy, tranquil, clean, umbrageous little capital, smothered in foliage, buried in an ancient forest with the downs thrown up by the North Sea surging all round it, and the ocean rolling beyond" — and Brussels, especially endeared to him as the theatre of so many deep tragedies, so many stately dramas, even so many farces, with which he was familiar. Of this city he draws a memorable and vivid picture, too long for insertion here, in which he dwells on the contrast between the upper quarter — with its brocaded Hotel de Ville, and spire embroidered with the delicacy of needlework, sugar-work, spider-work, or what you will — and the squalor of the lower town. "Thus you see," he adds, "that our Cybele sits with her head crowned with very stately towers, and her feet in a tub of very dirty water."

At length, in May, 1854, Motley betook himself to London, the precious MS. — that is to say, the portion of it which stops at the year 1584, with the death of the Prince of Orange — in his hand, and in search of a publisher. In this he was destined, like many a distinguished predecessor, to undergo some disappointment, but in the end the book was issued in the spring of 1856, and met with such immediate success that seventeen thousand copies were sold in England during the first year of publication. While the sheets were passing through the press, Motley paid a visit to his old college companion, Otto von Bismarck, who was then chief of the Prussian Legation at Frankfort, and whom he had not met since their college days.

When I called, Bismarck was at dinner, so I left my card, and said I would come back in half an hour. As soon as my card had been carried to him (as I learned afterwards) he sent a servant after me to the hotel, but I had gone another way. When I came back I was received with open arms. I can't express to you how cordially he received me. If I had been his brother, instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me. I find I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed

of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble character, and of very great powers of mind. The prominent place which he now occupies as a statesman sought him. He did not seek it, or any other office. The stand which he took in the Assembly from conviction, on the occasion of the outbreak of 1848, marked him at once to all parties as one of the leading characters of Prussia. Of course I don't now go into the rights and wrongs of the matter, but I listened with great interest, as you may suppose, to his detailed history of the revolutionary events of that year, and his share in them, which he narrated to me in a long conversation which we had last night.

In the summer of 1851, he told me that the minister, Manteuffel, asked him one day abruptly, if he would accept the post of ambassador at Frankfort, to which (although the proposition was as unexpected a one to him as if I should hear by the next mail that I had been chosen governor of Massachusetts) he answered, after a moment's deliberation, yes, without another word. The king, the same day, sent for him, and asked him if he would accept the place, to which he made the same brief answer, "Ja." His Majesty expressed a little surprise that he made no inquiries or conditions, when Bismarck replied that anything which the king felt strong enough to propose to him, he felt strong enough to accept. I only write these details that you may have an idea of the man. Strict integrity and courage of character, a high sense of honor, a firm religious belief, united with remarkable talents, make up necessarily a combination which cannot be found any day in any court; and I have no doubt that he is destined to be prime minister, unless his obstinate truthfulness, which is apt to be a stumbling-block for politicians, stands in his way. . . .

Well, he accepted the post and wrote to his wife next day, who was preparing for a summer's residence in a small house they had taken on the sea-coast, that he could not come because he was already established in Frankfort as minister. The result, he said, was three days of tears on her part. He had previously been leading the life of a plain country squire with a moderate income, had never held any position in the government or in diplomacy, and had hardly ever been to court. He went into the office with a holy horror of the mysterious nothings of diplomacy, but soon found how little there was in the whole "galimatias." Of course my politics are very different from his, although not so antipodal as you might suppose, but I can talk with him as frankly as I could with you, and I am glad of an opportunity of hearing the other side put by a man whose talents and character I esteem, and who knows so well *le dessous des cartes*.

It would be out of place on the present occasion to enter into any discussion of the history; it has already been re-

viewed in these pages, and its niche in the Temple of Fame is too well known to require any further indication. Suffice it to say, that Motley did not long remain idle; after a few months spent in a journey to Italy, and a short visit to Boston, he returned to his labors among the archives in London and in Holland. "I am almost distraught," he wrote to O. W. Holmes, "at the circumlocution and circumvolutions of London. Sisyphus with his rock was an idle, loafing individual, compared to the martyr who is doomed to work up the precipice of English routine." In truth, the work on which he was engaged was a task of no ordinary magnitude; after the death of William the Silent, the history of Holland merges itself in the history of Europe, and of that mighty war of religion which convulsed the civilized world, and did not terminate till the peace of Westphalia. This was the goal which Motley had in view, but which he was destined never to reach, and it must ever be a source of regret that we have not his portraits of Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein to place beside those of William of Orange, of John of Barneveld, and of Maurice of Nassau.

The "History of the United Netherlands" was now taxing all his energies.

I have much to do in the subterranean way in Brussels, the Hague, London, and Paris. I do not write at all as yet, but I am diving deep and staying under very long, but hoping not to come up too dry. My task is a very large and hard one. My canvas is very broad, and the massing and the composition of the picture will give me more trouble than the more compact one which I have already painted. Then I have not got a grand, central, heroic figure, like William the Silent, to give unity and flesh and blood interest to the scene. The history will, I fear, be duller and less dramatic than the other. Nevertheless, there are many grand events and striking characters, if I can do justice to them. If I could write half-a-dozen volumes, with a cheerful confidence that people would read them as easily as I write them, my task would be a comparatively easy one. But I do not know where all the books are to go that are written nowadays. And then my publishers have failed, and Heaven knows what may be the condition of the market when I take my next pigs there. In short, I cannot write at all, except by entirely forgetting for the time that there is such a thing as printing and publishing.

In the early summer of 1858, Motley, leaving his wife and daughters at Nice, came to London, no longer an obscure toiler among archives, dependent on his letters of introduction for acquaintances,

but an author of the first rank, and as such to find flung open to him all doors of that society in which "every illustration from the world of science, art, letters, politics, and finance mingles in full proportions with the patricians, and on equal terms." His natural diffidence and the sense of loneliness which all men feel on entering a new society soon wore off, and in the course of a few weeks he had become attached to many of the leaders of the London world by ties of friendship and intimacy which lasted to the end of his life.

He was at this time forty-three years of age, of singularly aristocratic appearance. Lady Byron, who is frequently mentioned in these pages, detected in him a strong likeness to her husband. Though by nature an impulsive man, he was reserved in manner, but in congenial society he was a brilliant conversationalist; in politics he was an extreme Liberal, such as in England would be termed a Radical, and he associated himself chiefly with members of the Liberal party, but he regarded a Radical in the literal sense of the name, as a man "whose trade is dangerous to society." He was a keen partisan, but his partisanship arose rather from an intense belief in principles than from any narrow-minded adherence to political parties or petty details.

During the war, this quality of his mind was exaggerated almost to a bitter intolerance of anything which was associated, or any one who sympathized with, the cause of the South. In that great constitutional convulsion, he could discern nothing but the deadly struggle between the advocates and the opponents of slavery; all the minor issues, which at the time blurred the vision even of his own countrymen, were to him as nothing in view of "the great national disgrace of slavery." It will be seen, later on, that the divergence of opinion between himself and his own father, on this point, was so great as to form a barrier in their familiar intercourse. But no point in his character is more evident, in every page of his correspondence, than his strong affection and power of sympathy. "Though so oppressed by a constitutional melancholy, which grows upon me very rapidly, as to be almost incapacitated from making myself agreeable," we find even at times when his inmost feelings were stirred, and in the letters where he gives most strong expression to those feelings, some touch of playful humor or some grotesque allusion, which shows how near the surface was his kindlier and gentler disposition.

His letters to his wife during the months of May, June, and July, 1858, are a sparkling comment on London society; to summarize them would be impossible, we can but give a few extracts taken almost at random from this brilliant panorama.

Before he had made Thackeray's acquaintance his heart had warmed to him in consequence of some words of his, overheard at a dinner-party, in high commendation of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Appreciation of his friend's work was a sure passport to Motley's regard.

I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great "snob" of England. His manner is like that of everybody else in England—nothing original, all planned down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow-creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat. As you like detail, however, I shall endeavor to Boswellize him a little, but it is a very hard work. Something was said of Carlyle the author. Thackeray said, "Carlyle hates everybody that has arrived—if they are on the road, he may perhaps treat them civilly." Mackintosh praised the description in the "French Revolution" of the flight of the king and queen (which is certainly one of the most living pictures ever painted with ink), and Thackeray agreed with him, and spoke of the passages very heartily. Of the Cosmopolitan Club, Thackeray said, "Everybody is or is supposed to be a celebrity; nobody ever says anything worth hearing; and every one goes there with his white choker at midnight, to appear as if he had just been dining with the aristocracy. I have no doubt," he added, "that half of us put on the white cravat after a solitary dinner at home or at our club, and so go down among the Cosmopolitans."

A few days later he "called at the Russells," an event worthy of notice simply from the fact, that he then first made the acquaintance of a lady renowned and beloved in English and foreign societies, who was soon to become one of his best friends and most constant correspondents, Lady William Russell.

In 1856, Macaulay had been compelled by failing health to abandon his seat for Edinburgh, and in the following year he had been raised to the peerage "with," as he himself has told us, "I think as gen-

eral approbation as I remember in the case of any man that in my time has been made a peer." In the following account we can trace the inroads which his bodily ailments were making on his health and spirits in 1858.

His general appearance is singularly commonplace. I cannot describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected, out of even a very small number of persons, as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face in profile is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. His hair is thin and silvery, and he looks a good deal older than many men of his years—for, if I am not mistaken, he is just as old as his century, like Cromwell, Balzac, Charles V., and other notorious individuals. Now those two impostors, so far as appearances go, Prescott and Mignet, who are sixty-two, look young enough, in comparison, to be Macaulay's sons. The face, to resume my description, seen in front, is blank, and as it were badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness, and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be quite impossible to tell the color of those orbs, and equally so, from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable, and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic.

As usual, he took up the ribands of the conversation, and kept them in his own hand, driving wherever it suited him. I believe he is thought by many people a bore, and you remember that Sydney Smith spoke of him as "our Tom, the greatest engine of social oppression in England." I should think he might be to those who wanted to talk also. I can imagine no better fun than to have Carlyle and himself meet accidentally at the same dinner-table with a small company. It would be like two locomotives, each with a long train, coming against each other at express speed. Both, I have no doubt, could be smashed into silence at the first collision. Macaulay, however, is not so dogmatic or so outrageously absurd as Carlyle often is, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing. His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. I do not know that I can repeat any of his conversation, for there was nothing to excite very particular attention in its even flow. There was not a touch of

Holmes's ever-bubbling wit, imagination, enthusiasm, and arabesqueness. It is the perfection of the commonplace, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full, as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent.

At Lady Stanley's Motley heard Thackeray deliver his lecture on George III., and was "much impressed with the quiet graceful ease with which he read — just a few notes above the conversational level — but never rising to the declamatory. This light-in-hand manner suits well the delicate, hovering, rather than superficial style of the composition." The lecture over, —

Lady Airlie said to me, "Mrs. Norton wishes to make your acquaintance." I turned and bowed, and there she was, looking to-day almost as handsome as she has always been described as being. I know that you will like a sketch. She is rather above middle height. In her shawl and crinoline, of course I could not pronounce upon her figure. Her face is certainly extremely beautiful. The hair is raven black — violet black — without a thread of silver. The eyes very large, with dark lashes, and black as death; the nose straight; the mouth flexible and changing; with teeth which in themselves would make the fortune of an ordinary face — such is her physiognomy; and when you add to this extraordinary poetic genius, descent from that famous Sheridan who has made talent hereditary in his family, a low, sweet voice and a flattering manner, you can understand how she twisted men's heads off and hearts out, we will not be particular how many years ago.

She said to me, as I made my bow on introduction, "Your name is upon every lip." I blushed and looked as much like a donkey as usual when such things are said. Then she added, "It is agreeable, is it not?" I then had grace enough to reply, "You ought to know it any one;" and then we talked of other things.

There are frequent allusions to the youthful appearance of English matrons. "England is the paradise of grandmothers."

There is no doubt that the English aristocracy has much beauty. When I say how handsome the women are, the reply is invariable — that is a great compliment from an American, for everybody knows that the American women are the handsomest in the world. On the whole I think that the grandmothers of England are the most miraculous race. There are the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton, then Lady Stanley, of whom I have spoken several times, the

Marchioness of Londonderry, and various others, all exceedingly handsome women still. I can hardly remember the names of the many persons I was presented to. I remember one, a lively, agreeable person, whose name was Lady Edward Thynne, a daughter of Mrs. Gore, the novelist. She was apparently a young woman, and I dare say she is capable of having at this moment, ten grandchildren for aught I know on the contrary.

On the occasion of one of Mr. Motley's frequent visits to Cambridge House he describes Lord Palmerston, who

talked with me a long time about English politics and American matters, saying nothing worth repeating, but conversing always with an easy, winning, quiet manner, which accounts for his great popularity among his friends. At the same time it seemed difficult to realize that he was the man who made almost every night, and at a very late hour in the night, those rattling, vigorous, juvenile, slashing speeches which ring through the civilized world as soon as uttered. I told him that it seemed to me very difficult to comprehend how any man could make those ready impromptu harangues in answer always to things said in the course of the debate, taking up all the adversary's points in his target, and dealing blows in return, without hesitation or embarrassment. He said very quietly that it was all a matter of habit; and I suppose that he really does it with as much ease as he eats his breakfast.

One of Motley's earliest friends was Lord Lyndhurst, whose own American origin led to many bonds of union with the Boston society, and when on his way to St. Petersburg in 1851 Motley passed through London, he brought with him a letter of introduction to the ex-lord-chancellor. Dining at Lady Stanley's of Alderley one evening, he had the good fortune to meet the two great rivals, Lyndhurst and Brougham, together.

Brougham is exactly like the pictures in *Punch*, only *Punch* flatters him. The common pictures of Palmerston and Lord John are not like at all to my mind, but Brougham is always hit exactly. His face, like his tongue and his mind, is shrewd, sharp, humorous. There certainly never was a great statesman and author who so irresistibly suggested the man who does the comic business at a small theatre. You are compelled to laugh when you see him as much as at Keeley or Warren. Yet there is absolutely nothing comic in his mind. But there is no resisting his nose. It is not merely the configuration of that wonderful feature which surprises you, but its mobility. It has the liteness and almost the length of the elephant's proboscis, and I have no doubt he can pick up pins or scratch his back with it as easily as he could take a pinch of snuff. He

is always twisting it about in quite a fabulous manner.

His hair is thick and snow-white and shiny; his head is large and knobby and bumpy, with all kinds of phrenological developments, which I did not have a chance fairly to study. The rugged outlines or headlands of his face are wild and bleak, but not forbidding. Deep furrows of age and thought and toil, perhaps of sorrow, run all over it, while his vast mouth, with a ripple of humor ever playing around it, expands like a placid bay under the huge promontory of his fantastic and incredible nose. His eye is dim and could never have been brilliant, but his voice is rather shrill with an unmistakable northern intonation; his manner of speech is fluent, not garrulous, but obviously touched by time; his figure is tall, slender, shambling, awkward, but of course perfectly self-possessed. Such is what remains at eighty of the famous Henry Brougham.

The company was too large for general conversation, but every now and then we at our end paused to listen to Brougham and Lyndhurst chaffing each other across the table. Lyndhurst said, "Brougham, you disgraced the woollack by appearing there with those plaid trousers, and with your peer's robe on one occasion put on over your chancellor's gown." "The devil," said Brougham, "you know that to be a calumny; I never wore the plaid trousers." "Well," said Lyndhurst, "he confesses the two gowns. Now the present Lord Chancellor never appears except in small clothes and silk stockings." Upon which Lady Stanley observed that the ladies in the gallery all admired Lord Chelmsford for his handsome leg. "A virtue that was never seen in you, Brougham," said Lyndhurst, and so on. I do not repeat these things because they are worth recording, but because I always try to Boswellize a little for your entertainment.

Space forbids us to continue these extracts. Our readers will find, on turning to the volumes themselves, that the passages we have quoted constitute but a very small portion of the vivid panorama of London society which is here presented to them. We would fain add to our selection the humorous description of the monotonous formality of London dinner-parties, the portraits of Lord John Russell, "the plain, quiet, smallish individual in green cutaway coat, large yellow waistcoat and plaid trousers;" of Hallam, who, crippled as he was, retained his intellectual powers unimpaired, "a wreck, but he has not sunk head downwards as you sometimes see, which is the most melancholy termination of a voyage;" of the famous Lady Dufferin, looking as though she might be the sister of her own son; of that "hearty, jolly companion" Monckton Milnes, "the bird of Paradox," "who

invited himself to meet me at Stirling's, eating up conscientiously nearly the whole of our breakfast, talking all the time;" of Danby Seymour, who in his eagerness to say a pleasant thing to the author of the "History of the Dutch Republic," assured him in 1858, that he had read that work eight years before; of Samuel Wilberforce, "altogether too strenuous, too good and too bad for the feeble role of an Anglican bishop; as a cardinal in the days when Rome had power or as a prize-fighter in the great political ring he would have had scope for his energies;" of Mrs. Grote, "despising crinoline and flounces, and attiring himself when going out for a walk in a shawl thrown over her shoulders and tied round her waist, with a poplin gown reaching to the top of her boots, a tall, brown, man's hat with a feather in it, and a stout walking-stick;" of Dean Milman and Sir Roderick Murchison; of Hayward and Disraeli; of the late Duke of Wellington, Professor Owen, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; but for all these and a host of others we can only refer our readers to the letters.

The London season over, Mr. Motley, before rejoining his family, returned to Holland to resume his labors among the archives, and his visits to the scenes made memorable by the events he was recording, but the impossibility of scaring up another ghost like William the Silent in the second portion of his work sorely oppressed him; he was despondent about the result, and found that the strain on his mind, his time, and his resources was greater than he had anticipated. During his month's residence at the Hague, in August, he made the acquaintance of the king and queen of Holland, who not only showed their cordial appreciation of the services he had rendered to their country, but paid him marked attention both on this and on many subsequent occasions.

The winter of 1858 and the following spring were passed in Rome, but the intention of proceeding to Venice, for the collection of much important material for the history, was frustrated by the outbreak of the war of Italian independence.

Motley was thus by stress of circumstances, rather than by choice, driven to a second residence in England, which we have the less cause to regret, in that it has yielded us a series of pictures of English and Scottish country life corresponding to those of London society which we have already noticed.

At the close of 1860, the first two volumes of the "History of the United Neth-

erlands" were published, but the future progress of the work was about to be interrupted by events, which although not unforeseen, were destined to assume such magnitude as the wisest had not anticipated, and which were to constitute a crisis not only in Motley's life, but in the world's history.

The most ardent of Republicans, Motley had for months past been looking forward with the deepest anxiety to the result of the presidential election. "With regard to my views and aspirations," he wrote in March, 1860, "I can only say, that if Seward is not elected (provided he be the candidate) this autumn, good-night, my native land!" Seward, as is well known, was after a close contest beaten for the Republican nomination, and when the news of Abraham Lincoln's election reached Motley in London, he wrote to his mother:—

Although I have felt little doubt as to the result for months past, yet as I was so intensely anxious for the success of the Republican cause, I was on tenterhooks till I actually knew the result. I rejoice in the triumph at last of freedom over slavery more than I can express. Thank God, it can no longer be said, after the great verdict just pronounced, that the common law of my country is slavery, and that the American flag carries slavery with it wherever it goes!

At this moment war was discussed only as a possible contingency, but before the new president could actually enter upon his office those four fatal months must elapse, in which the weakness and vacillation of Buchanan and the corruption of his cabinet were to accelerate so much the march of events; even in Lincoln's inaugural address war was not regarded as inevitable, but before he had been a month at the White House the first shot at Fort Sumter had ushered in that struggle which is only now beginning to assume its true historical perspective.

To enter into any discussion of the American Civil War, save in so far as may be necessary in dealing with the subsequent years of Mr. Motley's life, would be out of place on the present occasion. For the time all else is banished from his mind; when eight years previously "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was moving the heart of Europe against slavery, Motley had written, "The only way the curse is ever to be taken from the nation is by creating such an atmosphere all round the Slave States, that a slaveholder may not be able to thrust his nose outside his own door without scenting that the rankness

of his offence is tainting every wind of heaven."

But here in Europe nobody knows anything about the matter, saving only that slavery exists. They have no idea that America is a confederation of States, each of which States is competent to establish and abolish slavery at its pleasure, and that the general government has no power to do one or the other. I believe everybody in Europe thinks, so far as he thinks at all, most of them contenting themselves with bragging, that the President of the United States could abolish slavery tomorrow by an edict, just as the Emperor of the French abolished the Republic by half-a-dozen lines of proclamation.

The president, in his inaugural address, said: "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it now exists; I believe that I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

In Motley's mind the matter is perfectly simple, and he can brook no wavering or weighing of arguments in others; no matter that the main question was confused by a score of side issues; that even in the Northern States, there were men who took a different view;* that, by his own admission, great ignorance prevailed in Europe concerning American politics and institutions. He had no patience with any one who disagreed with him; he cannot bear to think that the South should have any well-wishers in England; for him, throughout the war there seems scarce any pity for Southerners even in their sorest straits; for him Lee and Davis, the general and the statesman, seem entirely lost in Lee and Davis the rebels.

The Liberal government in England had recognized the South as a belligerent power; this step was taken in no spirit of hostility to the North, but it raised a storm of resentment among the Federals as being a form of moral support, which, apart from any material aid, might suffice to turn the scale. Motley was torn asunder, by his growing affection for England and the English on one hand, and his passionate devotion to his native land and her cause on the other. Among leading English statesmen there were many who shared his views, but the popular voice, and there was reason to believe even the government, inclined to the other side.

* In a recently published American work we read, "Miss Martineau, who had been received with open arms in Boston, was socially ostracized by the same society as soon as she was known to be in pronounced sympathy with the anti-slavery party." (Men and Manners of Half a Century. By Hugh McCulloch.)

His first act was, by means of two very able letters to the *Times*, to endeavor to guide popular opinion in England; his next to proceed to America, where on his arrival, he

told Lord Lyons in Washington that I had appointed myself a peace commissioner between the two countries, and meant to discharge my duties to the fullest extent, and in that vein I had spoken to the President, to Seward, Chase, Blair, and Bates, and to every other personage, private or public, with whom I came in contact. Of course I only said this in jest—for I have no idea of exaggerating my humble individuality—but he was kind enough to say that he thought I might do much good.

We catch in the letters which Motley wrote to his wife in England, during this short visit to America, echoes of the intensity of feeling which prevailed in Boston, and of the enthusiasm which was rapidly welding the North into a "unit" in opposition to "an outrageous and unprovoked insurrection against a constituted government." "The most warm-hearted England-loving men in this England-loving part of the country are full of sorrow at the attitude taken up by England."

Regiments were being formed and hurried to the front, and there was scarce a family of his acquaintance but had sent at least one member to do battle for the Union.

From Washington, whither Motley went in the prosecution of his task as mediator between England and America, he sent accounts of Scott and McDowell, McClellan and Butler, Chase and Seward, Sumner and Blair, and of Lincoln—"a man who looks younger than his pictures, and on the whole, except for his height, which is two or three inches above six feet, one who would not be remarked in any way as well or ill looking."

Whatever the success which attended or might have attended Motley's efforts, they were not destined to be prolonged; he was at this juncture called upon to serve his country in a different capacity and a distant land, and we must pass from the turmoil and enthusiasm, the hopes and fears, the forecasts of events, and the estimates of characters attendant upon the commencement of hostilities, to follow him in his new capacity of United States minister at the court of Austria. How many of those forecasts and estimates were to be falsified and disappointed, readers of history must judge.

How great was the change to a man of Motley's impulsive nature may easily be

imagined. A few weeks before his appointment he had written, "As to going abroad and immersing myself again in the sixteenth century, it is simply an impossibility. I can think of nothing but American affairs, and should be ashamed if it were otherwise," but duty compelled him to go, and he did not return to his native land until the war in which his whole soul was absorbed was ended. This enforced absence, however, did not diminish his zeal for the great cause in which he was enlisted, and we see how eagerly he was carrying on his advocacy of that cause in spite of what he calls his exile.

Describing his first experiences at Vienna to Dr. O. W. Holmes, he writes:—

What can I say to you of Cis-Atlantic things? I am almost ashamed to be away from home. You know that I decided to remain, and had sent for my family to come to America, when my present appointment altered my plans. I do what good I can. I think I made some impression on Lord John Russell, with whom I spent two days soon after my arrival in England; and I talked very frankly, and as strongly as I could, to Lord Palmerston; and I had long conversations and correspondences with other leading men in England. I also had an hour's talk with Thouvenel in Paris, and hammered the Northern view into him as soundly as I could. For this year there will be no foreign interference with us, and I do not anticipate it at any time, unless we bring it on ourselves by bad management, which I do not expect. Our fate is in our own hands, and Europe is looking on to see which side is the strongest. When it has made the discovery, it will back it as also the best and the most moral. Yesterday I had my audience with the emperor. He received me with much cordiality, and seemed interested in a long account which I gave him of our affairs. You may suppose I inculcated the Northern views. We spoke in his vernacular, and he asked me afterwards if I was a German. I mention this not from vanity, but because he asked it with earnestness and as if it had a political significance. Of course, I undeceived him. His appearance interested me and his manner is very pleasing.

Through all this time of storm and stress, it is gratifying to find how unwavering was his affection for England; when the Trent affair had strained the relations between the two countries almost to breaking-point, he writes to his mother, "I do not enter into the law or the history, I simply feel that if a war is to take place *now* between England and America, I shall be in danger of losing my reason;" to Lady William Russell he

writes, "Alas for perfidious Albion! Felix Austria makes me no amends for her loss; I might live here for the rest of the century and never take root, while I am still bleeding from my eternal extirpation from your hostile but congenial soil." He is never tired of comparing English society where all that is distinguished in art, literature, and science meets on equal terms with the highest ranks of the aristocracy, and that of Vienna, where "you must be intimate with the Pharaohs or stay at home," and "if an Austrian should be Shakespeare, Galileo, Nelson, and Raphael, all in one, he could not be admitted into good society unless he had the sixteen quarterings of nobility which birth alone could give him." By a curious regulation he was, in virtue of his official position, forbidden access to the Vienna archives, and thus cut off even from his friends of the sixteenth century.

This very dearth of intellectual companionship, combined with his craving for personal sympathy and fresh news, drove Motley back on his correspondents, and enhances the interest of the letters at this period.

He discusses every turn of events and principle of politics, not only with his friends O. W. Holmes and J. R. Lowell, but with such Englishmen as John Bright and John Stuart Mill, whose mature views on the question are very instructive, though it is not a little strange, considering the circumstances in which he wrote, to find Mr. Bright using such a two-edged argument against his own country and on behalf of America as that

the rich, made rich by commerce, are generally very corrupt — the fluctuations of politics suddenly influence their fortunes, and they are more likely to take the wrong side than the right one. Thus, in London, Liverpool, and Manchester, on the Stock Exchange and the commercial exchanges, are found many friends of the South, from the stupid idea that, if the North would not resist, peace would of necessity be restored.

And so, down to the eventful month of April, 1865, which brought to the North the climax of "national joy and national bereavement," Motley continued to watch intensely for every fragment of personal as well as public news from across the Atlantic; for every symptom of increasing sympathy among his personal friends in England, or in the nation at large. The keenness of his partisanship seemed even to increase, for he finds fault with his friend O. W. Holmes for being "far too complimentary to the slaveholders," and is

enthusiastic in his admiration of Lowell's "Yankee Idyll." "Was there ever anything more stinging, more concentrated, more vigorous, more just?" The Comte de Paris, whose acquaintance he makes, wins his affection and admiration at once by his espousal of the Federal cause. He extols "the extraordinary genius of Grant," whom he considers "*at least* equal to any general now living in any part of the world;" and when the news of his father's death reached him in 1864, amid his deep regrets that he should have been deprived of the privilege of being with him at the last, he expresses the "sincere pain, at times almost distress, that I could find no sympathy with him in my political sentiments," a pain so great that for some time he had been compelled to carry on his home correspondence with his mother alone.

It must not, however, be supposed that the correspondence of this period is confined to American topics; they form, it is true, the undercurrent of all his thoughts, but Vienna and its customs, its salons and celebrities, are fully described, as well as summer tours in Austria and Italy, and many other diverse matters.

During the negotiations about the partition of Schleswig-Holstein, Bismarck visited Vienna, and dined on more than one occasion with his old college friend, to whom he had written a few months previously.

You have given me a great pleasure with your letter of the 9th, and I shall be very grateful to you if you keep your promise to write oftener and longer. I hate politics, but, as you say truly, like the grocer hating figs, I am none the less obliged to keep my thoughts increasingly occupied with those figs. Even at this moment while I am writing to you my ears are full of it. I am obliged to listen to particularly tasteless speeches out of the mouths of uncommonly childish and excited politicians, and I have therefore a moment of unwilling leisure which I cannot use better than in giving you news of my welfare. I never thought that in my riper years I should be obliged to carry on such an unworthy trade as that of a parliamentary minister. As envoy, although an official, I still had the feeling of being a gentleman; as (parliamentary) minister one is a helot. I have come down in the world, and hardly know how.

April 18th. — I wrote as far as this yesterday, then the sitting came to an end; five hours' Chamber until three o'clock; one hour's report to his Majesty, three hours at an incredibly dull dinner, old important Whigs, then two hours' work; finally, a supper with a colleague, who would have been hurt if I had slighted his fish. This morning, I had

hardly breakfasted, before Karolyi was sitting opposite to me; he was followed without interruption by Denmark, England, Portugal, Russia, France, whose ambassador I was obliged to remind at one o'clock that it was time for me to go to the House of phrases. I am sitting again in the latter; hear people talk nonsense, and end my letter. All these people have agreed to approve our treaties with Belgium, in spite of which twenty speakers scold each other with the greatest vehemence, as if each wished to make an end of the other; they are not agreed about the motives which make them unanimous, hence, alas! a regular German squabble about the emperor's beard; *querelle d'Allemand*. You Anglo-Saxon Yankees have something of the same kind also. Do you all know exactly why you are waging such furious war with each other? All certainly do not know, but they kill each other *con amore*, that's the way the business comes to them. Your battles are bloody; ours wordy; these chatterers really cannot govern Prussia, I must bring some opposition to bear against them; they have too little wit and too much self-complacency — stupid and audacious. Stupid, in all its meanings, is not the right word; considered individually, these people are sometimes very clever, generally educated — the regulation German University culture; but of politics, beyond the interests of their own church tower, they know as little as we knew as students, and even less; as far as external politics go, they are also, taken separately, like children. In all other questions they become childish as soon as they stand together *in corpore*. In the mass stupid, individually intelligent. . . .

Now, an affectionate farewell. I can't go on writing such an unorthographic language as English so late at night, but please try it yourself soon again. Your handwriting is like crow's feet, but is very legible. Is mine the same? Your faithful old friend,

V. BISMARCK.

In 1864 occurred the most important diplomatic negotiation which Motley was officially called upon to conduct. At the instigation of Louis Napoleon — "the Prince of Darkness, who, for the time being, has thought proper to assume the appearance of a sovereign of France, and to inhabit the Tuileries" — the archduke Maximilian had been elected emperor of Mexico; Maximilian applied to his brother, the emperor of Austria, for help, and a body of volunteers was on the point of sailing from Trieste, when the threat of the immediate recall of the United States minister led to the abandonment of the enterprise.

Meanwhile the "atmosphere of *Schleswig-Holsteinismus*, which is as good as a London fog, pervaded Europe;" "the old Bund was moribund;" Prussia and Aus-

tria, having combined to crush Denmark, were quarrelling over the spoils, and events were drawing onward apace to the crisis which ended in the "most lightning-like campaign in all military history." These events Motley could regard as a dispassionate spectator, while his historical training and his official position combine to give his narratives and summaries of what was passing around him a peculiar value and interest.

But his career at Vienna was drawing to a close; the events which led to his resignation are fully narrated in Dr. Holmes's memoir, and for our present purpose it is only necessary to give a brief summary of them, for they are not dealt with in the correspondence.

It appears then that in 1866 a letter was addressed to Mr. Seward, secretary of State under President Johnson, signed George W. McCracken — or McCrackin — and containing sweeping and abusive accusations against several United States ministers abroad, amongst them of Mr. Motley, as being "a thorough flunky," "an un-American official," and so forth. Whether such an individual as George W. McCracken ever existed is doubtful, at any rate he was unknown either to Motley or Seward. It might be supposed that such a communication would have been consigned to the waste-paper basket without further ado, but Mr. Seward saw fit to send to the accused a formal statement of the charge, and a request for an explanation. We who have experienced the extreme punctiliousness of the United States government in matters connected with the functions of an ambassador may be led to draw a comparison between the occurrences of 1867 and 1888. To Motley's high-bred sensitive nature this communication was a cruel blow, and he instantly sent in his resignation. That it was accepted was due, not to Mr. Seward, but to the president.

In March, 1867, Motley writes to O. W. Holmes: —

It is a fall from a steep precipice after speaking of your romance to allude to a late correspondence in the newspapers. But as you say so many kind things in your last letter, and as so many friends and so many strangers have said so much that is gratifying to me in public and private on this very painful subject, it would be like affectation in writing to so old a friend as you not to touch upon it. I shall confine myself, however, to one fact, which, so far as I know, may be new to you. George W. McCracken is a man and a name utterly unknown to me. With the necessary qualification which every man who

values truth must make when asserting such a negative, viz., to the very best of my memory and belief, I never set eyes on him nor heard of him until now, in the whole course of my life. Not a member of my family or of the legation has the faintest recollection of any such person. I am quite convinced that he never saw me nor heard the sound of my voice. That his letter was a tissue of vile calumnies, shameless fabrications, and unblushing and contemptible falsehoods, by whomsoever uttered, I have stated in a reply to what ought never to have been an official letter. No man can regret more than I do that such a correspondence is enrolled in the Capitol among American State papers. I shall not trust myself to speak of the matter. It has been a sufficiently public scandal. My letter—published by the Senate—has not yet been answered by the Secretary of State. At least I have not yet received any reply.

Meanwhile the two concluding volumes of the "United Netherlands" were ready for the printer, and Motley returned to England to see them through the press, during which time he gives us a fresh series of sketches of English life and society, but we cannot pause to give any further extracts.

In 1868, he proceeded to America and supported General Grant's candidature for the presidency; in 1869, he was appointed, by the president and Mr. Sumner, United States minister to England, on the recall of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. The selection appeared to be a singularly good one, though Motley accepted the post with diffidence and misgivings.

I feel anything but exaltation at present, rather the opposite sensation. I feel that I am placed higher than I deserve, and at the same time that I am taking greater responsibilities than ever were assumed by me before. *You* will be indulgent for my mistakes and shortcomings, for who can expect to avoid them? But the world will be cruel and the times are threatening. I shall do my best, but the best may be poor enough, and keep a "heart for any fate." Pardon my brevity, but I have no time to do half what I have to do.

His reception in England was most cordial and gratifying, but his tenure of the office was destined to be all too brief; once more a frivolous—to apply no more sinister epithet—pretext was seized upon by his own countrymen to oust him from it; to Englishmen it must always be a cause of congratulation that a name so honored among all classes, so beloved among those who knew him, should be enrolled in that distinguished body of envoys who have done so much to render

America and her sons popular in England.

The burning question which had led to Mr. R. Johnson's recall was the Alabama claims. Immediately on his arrival Motley had an interview with Lord Clarendon, to whom he submitted the draft of his report thereon before sending it to Washington. Some words supposed to have been used in the conversation, and the submission of the draft, seem to have called forth some slight criticism, but the matter appeared to be of no serious import and to have been closed amicably until July, 1870, when Motley having been summarily called upon to resign on the ground of this incident, and having declined to do so, was dismissed.

The cause assigned by Dr. Holmes for this strange decision is that, in the interval, a personal quarrel had occurred between Grant and Sumner over the San Domingo Treaty, and that Grant was aiming a blow at his adversary in the recall of one who was known to be that adversary's personal friend; and to this supposition Motley alludes in his defence. Meanwhile Sumner had been succeeded by Mr. Hamilton Fish, and the reply to Motley's defence "was so objectionable in its tone and expressions," writes Dr. Holmes, "that it has been generally doubted whether the paper could claim anything more of the secretary's hand than his signature."

I truly believe [writes Motley] that I found myself exactly at the moment when I was expelled from my post in a position in which I could do much good. I thought myself entirely in the confidence and the friendship of the leading personages in England. And I know that I could have done as well as any man to avert war or even animosity between two great nations, and at the same time guard the honor and interests of our nation. Farewell, write to me soon if you are to send an occasional message to one who now plunges into obscurity forever and without personal regret.

Thus for a second time, and finally, was an abrupt termination put to Motley's official life. The few years of health and strength which remained to him were to be devoted to the prosecution of his historical labors, and, with the exception of a few months, were to be passed in England, "the land which we love so much;" the man whose whole mind and body had for years been at the disposal of his country in the crisis of her fate, could now say, "Events at home fill me with disgust unfathomable." The death of his beloved

mother in 1865 had severed one of the closest ties which bound him to America, while the marriages of his daughters in England had been a further inducement to him to settle on this side of the Atlantic.

In 1871, he spent some months in study at the Hague, where he renewed his acquaintance with the queen of the Netherlands — than whom "I have rarely known a more intellectual and accomplished lady or a sincerer friend." It was no small gratification to him to find how widely his history was appreciated in Holland.

I like to tell so old and indulgent a friend as you [he writes to Holmes] that my efforts to illustrate the very heroic history of this country have been appreciated here, and that the books in the translation have gone through many editions. They are used in the higher schools also. I should have been sorry not to be known in the country to whose past I have devoted so much of my life. But we have been most warmly welcomed from highest to lowest, and I feel very grateful. I will say no more, and I blush to have said so much.

On quitting Holland he took a few weeks' tour in Germany to revisit old haunts, and "to patch up my health, which is somewhat broken . . . after being bowled out in so brutal a manner from a place where I did my duty as faithfully as ever man did."

But though the "disgust of the inkstand," as he calls it, was creeping over him, his interest in his work was revived by the discovery of a fresh hero.

I live much among the dead men, and have been solacing myself for several months in reading a considerable correspondence of John van Oldenbarneveld, who had the ill luck to be decapitated, as you remember, two centuries and a half ago. If they had cut his head off on account of his abominable handwriting, no creature would have murmured at the decree who ever tried to read his infinite mass of manuscripts. I take some credit to myself for having, after much time and trouble, enabled myself to decipher the most of them. It is a system of hieroglyphics such as I have not before encountered, and I have had some experience in the cography of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

I am afraid that I write history now rather from the bad habit of years, and because one must have a file to gnaw at, than from any hope of doing much good. The desire to attempt the justification of the eminent and most fearfully injured Barneveld inspires me, but I cannot help thinking, so far as my own small personality is concerned, that the public has had enough of me, and will hardly absorb another book of mine. Moreover, I have at last the consciousness of being doubled

up. I have suddenly fallen into old age as into a pit. And I hate it. I try to imagine that it has much to do with the climate and the marshy exhalations of a soil below the level of the sea, this sudden failing of intellectual and bodily vigor, languor, lassitude, moorditch melancholy.

In 1872, he paid a visit to Prince Bismarck, at Varzin, and his accounts of the daily life and domestic circle of the great chancellor make us long for fuller details of that unrestrained intercourse, which the two old friends held with each other.

He told innumerable anecdotes about that great battle, and subsequently gave some most curious and interesting details about the negotiations of Nikolsburg. I wish that you could have heard him. You know his way. He is the least of a *poseur* of any man I ever saw, little or big. Everything comes out so off-hand and carelessly; but I wish there could be an invisible, self-registering Boswell always attached to his button-hole, so that his talk could be perpetuated. There were a good many things said by him about the Nikolsburg Conference confirming what I had always understood.

The military opinion was bent on going to Vienna after Sadowa. Bismarck strongly opposed this idea. He said it was absolutely necessary not to humiliate Austria, to do nothing that would make friendly relations with her in the future impossible. He said many people refused to speak to him. The events have entirely justified Bismarck's course, as all now agree. It would have been easy enough to go to Vienna or to Hungary, but to return would have been full of danger. I asked him if he was good friends with the Emperor of Austria now. He said Yes, that the Emperor was exceedingly civil to him last year at Salzburg, and crossed the room to speak to him as soon as he appeared at the door. He said he used when younger to think himself a clever fellow enough, but now he was convinced that nobody had any control over events — that nobody was really powerful or great, and it made him laugh when he heard himself complimented as wise, foreseeing, and exercising great influence over the world. A man in the situation in which he had been placed was obliged, while outsiders for example were speculating whether to-morrow it would be rain or sunshine, to decide promptly, it will rain, or it will be fine, and to act accordingly with all the forces at his command. If he guessed right, all the world said, What sagacity — what prophetic power! if wrong, all the old women would have beaten me with broomsticks.

If he had learned nothing else, he said he had learned modesty. Certainly a more unaffected mortal never breathed, nor a more genial one. He looks like a colossus, but his health is somewhat shattered. He can never sleep until four or five in the morning. Of

course work follows him here, but as far as I have yet seen it seems to trouble him but little. He looks like a country gentleman entirely at leisure.

He talks away right and left about anything and everything — says among other things that nothing could be a greater *bêtise* than for Germany to attack any foreign country — that if Russia were to offer the Baltic provinces as a gift, he would not accept them. As to Holland, it would be mere insanity to pretend to occupy or invade its independence. It had never occurred to him or to anybody. As to Belgium, France would have made any terms at any time with Germany if allowed to take Belgium. I wish I could record the description he gave of his interviews with Jules Favre and afterwards with Thiers and Favre, when the peace was made.

One trait I mustn't forget, however. Favre cried a little, or affected to cry, and was very pathetic and heroic. Bismarck said that he must not harangue him as if he were an assembly; they were two together on business purposes, and he was perfectly hardened against eloquence of any kind. Favre begged him not to mention that he had been so weak as to weep, and Bismarck was much diverted at finding in the printed account afterwards published by Favre that he made a great parade of the tears he had shed.

At length, in 1874, was given to the world the last instalment of that great work which Motley had set himself, but which he never lived to complete, for the rude shocks which he had sustained in recent years had told severely on his health, and the end was rapidly drawing near. In the winter of 1873, he had been sent to Bournemouth, but without deriving much benefit from the change, though, on returning to London in June, he so far rallied as to be able to write, "It is extraordinary how well I feel here," but the improvement was but of short duration. In the spring he wrote to Dr. Holmes, "I am physically a bankrupt, and, as months roll on, fear that this is my fate for what remains of life." Moreover, Mrs. Motley's health had for some time past been a cause of grave anxiety, and on the last day of 1874, she who had been his stay and support in all his labors and troubles, was taken away from him.

There remains but little to tell. Tended by the loving care of his daughters and cheered by the companionship of his grandchildren, he was, in spite of failing health and strength, able to enjoy the society of his friends, and to pay a few visits, till on the 29th of May, 1877, he suddenly passed away at Kingston Russell, the seat of the Sheridans, to whom he was connected by the marriage of his

daughter to the nephew of his old friend Mrs. Norton.

We have in the foregoing pages dwelt more than once on Motley's prejudices, and on the strength with which those prejudices were expressed; and this marked trait of his character brings out into all the stronger relief the gentleness, which in these latter years of his life is markedly apparent in all his letters. Within a few weeks of his death, he wrote to his eldest daughter:—

I am a good deal puzzled by English party politics, and in my own ignorance now should be the more ready to forgive (if I had not long since done so) the gross ignorance and hatred manifested from 1861 to 1864 by many Parliamentary chiefs in regard to America.

In estimating a man's character there is nothing more misleading than his own selected and edited letters, though as throwing a light on independent materials, or as illustrating facts and transactions which are known from other sources, they are invaluable. Apart from any study of Motley's character, his letters are of exceptional interest for the brilliant comments they contain on subjects which appeal to every educated reader, nor, we believe, is it possible for any one to rise from the perusal of them without that feeling of personal intimacy with, and of personal affection for, the writer which constitutes one of the greatest charms of good memoirs and biographies. But as a means of arriving at a just and true estimate of character the chief value of this collection lies, perhaps, in the letters addressed to Motley. When we consider the variety of his correspondents and their individual high positions and intellectual celebrity, as well as the tone of confidence and ease which pervades their communications, it is impossible to escape the conviction, that they could only have been addressed to a man of remarkable qualities both of heart and head.

That as a public man he was not popular among certain classes in his own country is admitted by his biographer. Democracies, as Sir Henry Maine, amongst others, has proved, are slow to discern individual worth, and Motley "did not illustrate the type of popular politician. He was too high-minded, too scholarly, too generously industrious, too polished, too much at home in the highest European circles, too much courted for his personal fascinations, too remote from the trading world of caucus managers."

The mere fact of his being a Massachu-

setts man had raised, in some quarters, strong opposition to his appointment to Vienna; the same cause had exercised a bitter influence in the McCracken accusations. His position in European societies had caused the stigma of aristocracy to be attached to him, a stigma which extreme republicans are slow to forgive.

It was a strange irony of fate that the man, in whom the love of democratic institutions amounted to a passion, the man in whose eyes a monarch was, if not necessarily a monster like Philip II., yet unworthy of confidence; who can scarce see anything to praise in the efforts of England under Elizabeth and James I. in that cause of European freedom, the credit of supporting which he would assign almost entirely to democratic Holland, that this man should have been assailed as an aristocrat: but so it was; the experience must have been a bitter one, but when the first pang of anger and mortification had passed away, it seems to have been succeeded by a feeling of manly humility and resignation.

Do not believe me inclined to complain, or to pass what remains of life in feeble lamentations. When I think of all the blessings I have had, and of the measure of this world's goods infinitely beyond my deservings that have been heaped upon me, I should despise myself if I should not find strength enough to bear the sorrows which the Omnipotent has now chosen to send.

Motley was, in short, one of those few beings, to whom we are tempted to apply that often misused phrase—a thorough gentleman.

We will close with some very striking words, written to Dean Stanley on the publication of the third volume of the "History of the Jews:"—

If you had written the volumes expressly for my own behalf, it could not have been better adapted for the purpose. For it deals with subjects which exceedingly occupy my mind, and abounds with suggestions, explanations, and sympathetic aid towards the solution of problems and mysteries which press more and more upon the thoughts of those whose life's evening is closing in dark shadows and sorrows. You and I have both been struck almost simultaneously by that irremediable blow which drives the soul forth into the vast and unknown void, and causes it to rebel at times at the bars which must restrain it so long as those mortal conditions last. I have been reading the book very slowly, for my mind wanders after attempting for a time to grasp great subjects, and I am obliged to take rest. How glad I am that your mind and body are both so vigorous and fresh, not-

withstanding the great calamity which God has sent to you, and that you are not only able to find some relief in work, but furnish relief to others! How acutely you must have felt, in the painful but sacred circumstances attending your work, that *laborare est orare*!

The delicate and masterly manner in which you have traced out the connection between the ideas of the one invisible God revealing Himself at many intervals of space and time, and through differing races, to the highest of what we call *human* intellects; and the idea of a future life under unknown and unimaginable conditions, is to me most striking. Intense love seems to me to annihilate death, and love is the foundation of the Christian revelation.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
HOW "THE CRAYTURE" GOT ON THE STRENGTH.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

MICK SULLIVAN was a private soldier in G troop, 30th Light Dragoons, of some six years' service. Since the day old Sergeant Denny Lee 'listed him in Charles Street, just outside the Cheshire Cheese, close by where the Council door of the India Office now is, Mick had never been anything else than a private soldier, and never hoped or needed hope to be anything else if he served out his full twenty-four years, for he could neither read nor write, and his regimental defaulter sheet was much fuller of "marks" than the most lavish barrack-room pudding is of raisins. Nevertheless, the queen had a very good bargain in honest Mick, although that was scarcely the opinion of the adjutant, who was a "jumped-up" youngster, and had not been in the Crimea with the regiment. The grizzled captain of G troop, who was a non-purchase man, and had been soldiering for well on to twenty years, understood and appreciated Mick better. Captain Coleman knew that he had come limping up out of that crazy gallop along "the valley of death" with a sword red from hilt to point, a lance-thrust through the calf of his leg, and a wounded comrade on his back. He had heard Mick's gay laugh and cheery jest during that dreary time in the hollow inland from Varna, when cholera was decimating the troop, and the hearts of brave men were in their boots. He remembered how Mick was the life and soul of the gaunt sorry squad inside the flimsy tent on the bleak slope of Kadikoi during that terrible Crimean winter, when men were turning their

toes up to the daisies by sections, and when the living crawled about half frozen, half sodden. Mick's old chestnut mare (G 11) was the only horse of the troop that survived the winter, kept alive by her owner's patient and unrelenting care; if it was true as fellows swore who found her cruelly rough—she was known by the name of the "Bonesetter," given to her by a sarcastic recruit, whose anatomy her trot had wholly disorganized—if it was true that in that hard winter she had frozen quite hard, and had never since come properly thawed, it was to Mick's credit that she was still saving the country the price of a remount. There was no smarter man or cleaner soldier in all the corps than the harum-scarum Tipperary man; he had a brogue that you could cut with a knife; and there was nothing he would not do for whiskey but shirk his turn of duty and hear his regiment belittled without promptly engaging in single combat with the disparager of the "Ould Strawboots."

Mick did a good deal of punishment drill at varying intervals, and his hair was occasionally abnormally short as a result of that species of infliction known as "seven days' cells." He had seldom any other crime than "absent without leave," and he had never been tried by court-martial, although more than once he had had a very narrow squeak, especially once when he was brought into barracks by a picket after a three days' absence, with a newspaper round his shoulders instead of stable jacket and shirt. No doubt he had drunk those articles of attire, but the plea that they had been stolen saved him from the charge of making away with "regimental necessities," which is a court-martial offence. The 30th Light, just home from the Crimea, were quartered at York; and Mick, after two or three escapades as the pardonable result of his popularity as one of the heroes of the Light Cavalry charge, had settled down into unwonted steadiness. He went out alone every evening, and at length his chum took him to task for his unsociality, and threatened to "cut the loaf."

"Arrah now," was Mick's indignant reply, "it's a silly spalpeen ye are to go for to think such a thing. Sure if it hadn't been a great saycret intirely, ye'd have known all about it long ago. I've been coortin', ye divil! Sure an' she's the purtiest crayture that iver ye clapt yer two eyes upon, ay an' a prudent girl too. So that's the saycret, chum; an' now come

on up to the canteen, an' bedad we'll drink luck an' joy to the wooin'!"

Over their pot of beer Mick told his comrade the simple story of his love. His sweetheart, it seemed, was the daughter of a small shopkeeper in the outskirts of the city, and, as Mick was most emphatic in claiming, a young woman of most exemplary character. Thus far, then, everything was satisfactory; but the obvious rock ahead was the all but certainty that Mick would be refused leave to marry. He had not exactly the character entitling him to such a privilege, and the troop already had its full complement of married people. But if the commanding officer should say him nay, then "Sure," Mick doughtily protested, "I'll marry the darlint widout lave; in spite of the colonel, an' the general, and the commander-in-chief himself, bedad!"

Next morning Mick formed up to the adjutant and asked permission to see the colonel. The adjutant, after the manner of his kind, tried to extract from him for what purpose the request was made, but Mick was old soldier enough to know how far an adjutant's ill word carries, and resolutely declined to divulge his intent. After the commanding officer had disposed of what are called at the police-courts the "charges of the night," Mick was marched into the presence by the regimental sergeant-major; and as he stood there at rigid attention, the nature of his business was demanded in the curt hard tone which the colonel with a proper sense of the fitness of things uses when addressing the private soldier.

"Plase yer honor, sor, I want to get—to get married," blurted Mick, for the moment in some confusion now that the crisis had come.

"And, plase yer honor, Mr. Sullivan," retorted the chief with sour pleasantry, "I'll see you d—d first!"

"Och, sor, an' how can ye be so cruel at all, at all?" pleaded Mick, who had recovered from his confusion, and thought a touch of the blarney might come in useful.

"Why, what the deuce do you want with a wife?" asked the colonel angrily.

"Sure, sor, an' pwhat does any man want wid a wife?"

The regimental sergeant-major grinned behind his hand, the adjutant burst into a splutter of laughter at the back of the colonel's chair, and that stern officer himself found his gravity severely strained. But he was firm in his refusal to grant the

indulgence, and Mick went forth from the presence in a very doleful frame of mind.

At "watch-setting" the same night Mr. Sullivan was reported absent, nor did he come into barracks in the course of the night. The regimental sergeant-major was a very old bird, and straightway communicated to the adjutant his ideas as to the nature of Mick's little game. Then the pair concerted a scheme whereby they might baulk him at the very moment when his cup of bliss should be at his lips. At nine in the morning about a dozen corporals and as many files of men paraded outside the orderly-room door. To each of the likeliest religious edifices licensed for the celebration of marriages a corporal and a file were told off, with instructions to watch outside, and intercept Sullivan if he should appear in the capacity of a bridegroom. Clever as was the device, it came very near failing. The picket charged with the duty of watching an obscure suburban chapel, regarding it as extremely improbable that such a place would be selected, betook themselves to the tap-room of an adjacent public-house where they chanced on some good company, and had soon all but forgotten the duty to which they had been detailed. It was, however, suddenly recalled to them. A native who dropped in for a pint of half-and-half, casually observed that "a sojer were bein' spliced across the road." The moment was a critical one, but the corporal rose to the occasion. Hastily leading out his men, he stationed them at the door, while he himself entered, and stealing up to the marriage party unobserved, clapped his hand on Sullivan's shoulder just as the latter was fumbling for the ring. The bride shrieked, the priest talked about sacrilege, and the bride's mother made a gallant assault on the corporal with her umbrella; but the non-commissioned officer was firm, and Mick, whose sense of discipline was very strong, merely remarked, "Be jabbers, corporal, an' in another minute ye would have been too late!"

He was summarily marched off into barracks, looking rather rueful at being thus torn from the very horns of the altar. Next morning he paid another visit to the orderly-room, this time as a prisoner, when the commanding officer, radiant at the seeming success of the plot to baulk Mr. Sullivan's matrimonial intentions, let him off with fourteen days' pack drill. Having done that punishment, he was again free to go out of barracks, but only in the evening, so that he could not get

married unless by special license, a luxury to which a private dragoon's pay does not run. Nevertheless he cherished his design, and presently the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," had yet another confirmation.

One fine morning the regiment rode out in "watering order." About a mile outside the town, poor Mick was suddenly taken very ill. So serious appeared his condition that the troop sergeant-major directed him to ride straight back into barracks, giving him strict orders to go to hospital the moment he arrived. Presently, Mick's horse, indeed, cantered through the barrack gate, but there was no rider on its back. The sentry gave the alarm, and the guard, imagining Mick to have been thrown, made a search for him along the road outside; but they did not find him, for the reason that at the time he was being thus searched for he was being married. The ceremony was this time accomplished without interruption; but the hymeneal festivities were rudely broken in upon by a picket from the barracks, who tore the bridegroom ruthlessly from the arms of the bride, and escorted him to durance in the guard-room.

Mick had seven days' cells for this escape, and when he next saw his bride, he had not a hair on his head a quarter of an inch long, the provost-sergeant's shears having gone very close to the scalp. He had a wife, it was true; but matrimonial felicity seemed a far-off dream. Mick had married without leave, and there was no place in barracks for his little wife. Indeed, in further punishment of Mick, her name was "put upon the gate," which means that the sentry was charged to prohibit her entrance. Mick could get no leave; so he could enjoy the society of his spouse only between evening stables and watch-setting; and on the whole he might just as well have been single—indeed better, if the wife's welfare be taken into consideration. Only neither husband nor wife were of this opinion, and hoped cheerily for better things.

But worse, not better, was to befall the pair. That cruellest of all blows which can befall the couple married without leave, suddenly struck them; the regiment was ordered on foreign service. It was to march to the south of England, give over its horses at Canterbury, Christchurch, and elsewhere, and then embark at Southampton for India.

Next to a campaign, the brightest joy in the life of the cavalry soldier is going on "the line of march" from one home station

to another. For him it is a glorious interlude to the dull, restrained monotony of his barrack-room life, and the weary routine of mounted and dismounted drill. "Boots and saddles" sounds early on the line of march. The troopers from their scattered billets concentrate in front of the principal hotel of the town where the detachment quarters for the night, and form up in the street or the market-place, while as yet the shutters are fast on the front of the earliest-opening shop. The officers emerge from the hotel, mount, and inspect the parade; the order "Threes right!" is given, and the day's march has begun. The morning sun flashes on the sword-scabbards and accoutrements, as the quiet street echoes to the clink of the horse-hoofs on the cobble-stones. Presently the town is left behind, and the detachment is out into the country. There had been a shower as the sun rose — the "pride of the morning" the soldiers call the sprinkle — just sufficient to lay the dust, and evoke from every growing thing its sweetest scent. The fresh crisp morning air is laden with perfume; the wild rose, the jessamine, the eglantine, and the "morning glory," entwine themselves about the gnarled thorn of the hedgerows, and send their tangled feelers straggling up the ivy-clad trunks of the great elms and oaks, through whose foliage the sunbeams are shooting. From the valley rises a feathery haze broken into gossamer-like patches of divers hues; and here and there the blue smoke of some early-lit cottage fire ascends in a languid straightness through the still atmosphere. The hind yoking his plough in the adjacent field chants a rude ditty, while his driver is blowing his first cloud, the scent of which comes sluggishly drifting across the road with that peculiarly fresh odor only possessed by tobacco-smoke in the early morning. As the rise is crowned, a fair and fertile expanse of country lies stretched out below — shaggy woods and cornfields, and red-roofed homesteads, and long reaches of still water, and the square tower of the venerable church showing over the foliage that overhangs the hamlet and the graveyard. Then the command "Trot!" is passed along from the front, and away go the troopers bumping merrily, their accoutrements jingling and clanking, their horses feeling the bit lightly, tossing their heads, arching their necks, and stepping out gallantly, in token that they too take delight in being on the road. Three miles of a steady trot; then a five minutes' halt to tighten girths and "look round" equip-

ments; then up into the saddle again. The word comes back along the files, "Singers to the front!" whereupon every fellow who has, or thinks he has, a voice, presses forward till the two front ranks are some six abreast across the road. Now the premier vocalist — self-constituted or acclaimed — strikes up a solo whose principal attribute is unlimited chorus; and so to the lusty strain the detachment marches through the next village, bringing all the natives to their doors, and attracting much attention and commendation, especially from the fair sex. The day's march half over, there is a longer halt; and the kindly officers send on a corporal to the little wayside beer-house just ahead, whence he speedily returns, accompanied by the landlord, stepping carefully between a couple of pailfuls of foaming beer. Each man receives his pint, the officers' "treat;" and then, all hands in the highest spirits, the journey is resumed; trot and walk alternate, the men riding "at ease," until the verge is reached of the town in which the detachment is to be billeted for the night. Then "Attention!" is called, swords are drawn, the files close up, and the little array marches right gallantly through the streets to the principal hotel. Here the "billeting sergeant," who is always a day's march ahead, distributes the billets, each for a couple of troopers, and chums are allowed to share the same billet. A willing urchin shows the way to the Wheatsheaf, whose hearty landlord forthwith emerges with a frank welcome, and a brown jug in hand. Horses cleaned and bedded down, accoutrements freed from the soil of the road, dinner, and a right good dinner, is served, the troopers sitting down to table with their host and hostess. The worthy Boniface and his genial spouse have none of your cockney contempt for the soldier, but consider him not only their equal, but a welcome guest; and the soldier, if he is worth his salt, does his best to conduct himself so as not to tarnish the credit of his cloth.

Than Mick Sullivan no soldier of the gay 30th Light Dragoons was wont to enjoy himself more on the line of march. But now the honest Irishman was silent and depressed. He was a married man. That of itself did not sadden him; he did not repent his act, rash as it had been. But he had married without leave, and his little wife was entitled to no privileges — she was not "on the strength." Mick had prayed her to remain at home with her father, for he could not afford her travelling expenses, and even if he could, he

knew, and he had to tell her, that they must part at the port of embarkation. But "the crayture," as Mick called her, was resolute to go thus far. Poll Tudor and Bess Bowles, accredited spouses, "married women on the strength," took train at government expense, and knew their berths on the troopship were assured. But for "the crayture" there was no railway warrant, far less any berth abroad. March for march with weary feet and swelling heart, the poor little woman made with the detachment, tramping the long miles between York and Southampton. Mostly the kind souls where Mick was billeted gave her bite and sup and her bed; now and then the hayloft was her portion. Ah me! in the old days such woeful journeys were often made; I believe that nowadays the canteen fund helps on their way soldiers' wives married without leave.

The Himalaya, with her steam up, was lying alongside the jetty in Southampton Dock, and troop by troop as they quitted the train, the men of the 30th Light were being marched aboard. Mick had bidden "the crayture" farewell, and had drowned his grief in drink; as they marched toward the jetty, his chum reproached him on account of his obvious condition.

"Arrah now," wailed Mick piteously, "sure, an' if it wor yersilf lavin' the darlint av a young wife behind ye, glad an' fain ye would be to take a dhrap to deaden yer sorrow. Whin I sed good-bye to the crayture this mornin', I thought she'd have died outright wid the sobs from the heart av her. Och, chum, the purty, beautiful crayture that I love so, an' that loves me, an' me lavin' her to the hard wurld! Be gorra, an' there she stands!"

Sure enough, standing there in the crowd, weeping as if she would break her heart, was Mick's poor little wife.

"Hould me carbaine, chum, just for a moment, till I be givin' her just wan last kiss!" pleaded the poor fellow, and with a sudden spring, he was out of the ranks unobserved, and hidden in the crowd that opened to receive him. His chum tramped on, but he reached the main-deck of the troopship still carrying two carbines, for as yet Mick had not reappeared.

The comrade's anxious eyes searched the crowded jetty in vain. But they scanned a scene of singular pathos. The grizzled old quarter-master was wiping his shaggy eyelashes furtively as he turned away from the children he was leaving behind. There were poor wretches of wives who had been married without leave, as "the crayture" had been — some with

babes in their arms, weeping hopelessly as they thought of the thousands of miles that were to part them from the men of their hearts. And there were weeping women there also who had not even the sorrowful consolation of being entitled to call themselves wives; and boys were cheering, and the band was playing "The Girl I left Behind me," and non-commissioned officers were swearing, and some half-drunk recruit soldiers were singing a dirty ditty, and heartstrings were being torn, and the work of embarkation was steadily and relentlessly progressing.

The embarkation completed, the shore-goers having been cleared out of the ship and the gangway drawn, there was a muster on deck, and the roll of each troop was called. In G troop one man was missing, and that man was Mick Sullivan. The muster had barely broken off, when a wild shout from the jetty was heard. There stood Mick very limp and staggering, "the crayture" clinging convulsively round his neck, and he hailing the ship over her shoulder. Behind the forlorn couple was a sympathizing crowd of females sobbing in unmelodious concert, with here and there a wilder screech of woe from the throat of some tender-hearted countrywoman of Mr. Sullivan. After some delay, Mick was brought on to the deck of the Himalaya, where he stood before the lieutenant of his troop in an attitude meant to represent the rigidity of military attention, contrasting vividly with his tear-stained face, his inability to refrain from a frequent hiccough, and an obvious difficulty in overcoming the propensity of his knee-joints to serve their owner treacherously.

"Well, Sullivan," said the young officer with an affectation of sternness which under the circumstances was most praiseworthy, "what do you mean by this conduct?"

"Plase, sor, an' beg yer parrdon, sor, but I didn't mane only to fall out just for wan last word. It wasn't the dhrink at all, at all, sor; it's the grief that kilt me intirely. Ah, sure, sor," added Mick insinuatingly, "it's yersilf, yer honor, that is lavin', maybe, a purty crayture wapin' for yer handsome face!"

The touch of nature made the officer kind. "Get out of sight at once, you rascal," said he, turning away to hide rather a sad smile, "and take care the colonel don't set eyes on you, else you'll find yourself in irons in double-quick time."

"Thank you, sor; it's a good heart ye have," said Mick over his shoulder, as his

chum hustled him toward the hatchway. "The crayture" was on the pier-head waving her poor little dud of a white handkerchief, as the big ship, gathering way, steamed down Southampton Water, and the strains of "The Girl I left Behind me," came back fainter and more faint on the light wind.

Bangalore, up country in the Madras presidency, was the allotted station of the 30th Light. The regiment had barely settled down in the upland cantonment, when tidings came of the *émeute* of Bengal native infantry on the parade-ground of Berhampore. Every mail brought news from the north more and more disquieting, and in the third week of May the devilry of Meerut was recounted in the gasping terseness of a telegram. The regiment hoped in vain for a summons to Bengal, but there was no other cavalry corps in all the Madras presidency, and the authorities could not know but that the Madras native army might at any moment flame out into mutiny. In the early days of June a sergeant's party of the 30th Light was sent down from Bangalore to Madras to perform some exceptional orderly duty, and to this party belonged Mick Sullivan and his chum. A week later Sir Patrick Grant, the Madras commander-in-chief, was summoned by telegraph to Calcutta to assume the direction of military operations in Bengal consequent on poor General Anson's sudden death. The Firequeen anchored in the roads with Havelock aboard, fresh from his successes in Persia, and it was arranged that the two old soldiers should hurry up to Calcutta without an hour's delay. Grant wanted a soldier clerk to write for him on the voyage, and a soldier servant warranted proof against seasickness to look after his chargers aboard ship. There was no time for ceremony, and Mick's chum, who was a well-educated man, was laid hold of as the amanuensis, while Mick himself was shipped as the general's temporary groom. The services of the pair ceased when Calcutta was reached, and they were attached to the Fort William garrison, pending the opportunity to ship them back to Madras. But the two men, burning for active service, determined to make a bold effort to escape relegation to the dull inactivity of Bangalore. Watching their chance, they preferred their petition to Sir Patrick, as he sat in the verandah of his quarters in the fort. "Quite irregular," exclaimed the veteran Highlander, "but I like your spirit, men. Let me see, I'll arrange matters with your regi-

ment. You want to be in the thick of it at once, eh? Well, you must turn infantrymen; the Ross-shire Buffs are out at Chinsurah, and you will have the route to-morrow. You can reach them in a few hours, and I'll give you a *chit* to Colonel Hamilton which will make it all right for you. One of you is a Highlander born, and as for you, Sullivan, if you talk Erse to the fellows of the 78th, they won't know it from Argyllshire Gaelic."

Three hours later the comrades had ceased for the time to be Light Dragoons, and were acting members of the Grenadier Company of the Ross-shire Buffs. Hart, the regimental sergeant-major, had presented them to Colonel Hamilton, who duly honored Sir Patrick's *chit*, and had sent them over to the orderly-room tent, where they found the adjutant, that gallant soldier now alas! dead, whom later his country knew as Sir Herbert Macpherson, V.C.

"What is your name, my man?" asked Macpherson of Sullivan.

"Michael Donald Mactavish Sullivan, sor," responded Mick, with a face as solemn as a mute's at a funeral.

"What countryman are you?"

"An Argyllshire Tipperary man, sor," replied Mick, without the twinkle of an eyelash.

"How came you by your two middle names? They are surely not common in Tipperary?"

"Och, yer honor, I was christened by thim two afther me grandmother, an' she was, I belave, a pure-bred Scotchman. It is in dutiful mimory of her, rest her sowl, that I want for to jine the Ross-shire Buffs."

"Well," replied Mr. Macpherson imperturbably, "your dutiful aspiration shall be gratified."

The chum answered the formal questions regarding himself, and then the regimental sergeant-major was directed to take the pair to the quarter-master sergeant, to receive the clothing and accoutrements of infantrymen.

Quarter-master Sergeant Tulloch, "Muckle Tulloch," as he was called in the regiment because of his abnormal bulk, was, although a Scot, a man of humor; and it occurred to him that the new Irish Ross-shire Buff might furnish some amusement. Highland regiments do not wear the kilt on Indian service; indeed the tartans are not brought out from home. But there happened by some odd chance to be a Highland uniform among the quarter-master's stores; and this Tulloch

solemnly made over to Mick Sullivan, instructing him to attire himself in it at once, that its fit might be ascertained. The store had been temporarily established in the unoccupied house of a wealthy native, and Sullivan went into one of the empty rooms to don the unaccustomed garments. Tulloch and the sergeant-major, as well as Mick's chum, stood listening to Mick fervently doing the "quare blankets," as he struggled with the difficulties presented by kilt and plaid. At length it seemed as if he had accomplished the task somehow, and he was heard to stride to the further end of the long, bare apartment. The partly open door revealed Mr. Sullivan, drawn up to his full height in front of a large panel-mirror. He certainly presented an extraordinary aspect. For one thing, the kilt, which had been made for a short man, was very much too short for Mick, and a yard or two of naked leg protruded from below it. Then he had fastened on the sporran behind instead of in front, and it hung down in the former region like a horse's tail. The plaid was put on something in the fashion of a comforter, and his lower extremities were encased in his long cavalry Wellington boots, from the heels of which the spurs stuck out fiercely. He had struck an attitude, and was soliloquizing, —

"Be the holy, Michael Donald Mactavish Sullivan, an it's yersilf is the purty spicktable intirely! Troth, an it would puzzle that dacent woman your mother to idintify the fruit of her womb in this disguise. Sure an it's a beautiful dress, an' the hoigh av free vintilation! Supposin' I was sitting down on an ant-hill? Och, musha, an' pwhat would Tipperary think if she wor to see me this day? Faix," he went on, after a long, scrutinizing gaze, "it's mesilf is doubtful whether I'm pwhat ye would call dacent; but the devil a ha'p'orth care I," with a sudden burst of reassurance, "sure, if I'm ondacent, that's the quane's lookout, may the hivins be her bed!"

At this the listeners could not refrain from a burst of laughter, which brought Mick's soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion. He became a little angry when he found he had been sold, and was not to have the kilt after all his trouble; but presently found consolation in the ant-hill view of the subject, and accepted his woollen doublet and dungaree trousers with a bland condescension. Next day the 78th began to move up country to the Allahabad concentration, and a few weeks later

Havelock led out into the country of bloodthirsty mutiny that scant devoted vanguard of the British force which was to reconquer India.

Spite of cruel heat, sunstrokes, cholera, and the exhaustion of long marches, the little column pressed on blithely, for the stimulus of hope was in the hearts of the men. But that hope was killed just when its fulfilment was all but accomplished. To the soldiers, spent with the fighting of the day, as they lay within but one short march of Cawnpore, came in the dead of night the woeful tidings of the massacre of the company of women and children, the forlorn remnant of the Cawnpore garrison whom the Nana Sahib had spared from the butchery of the Slaughter Ghaut. Next morning Havelock's little army camped on the Cawnpore *maidan*, and Mick and his chum, accompanied by big Jock Gibson, one of the 78th pipers, with his pipes under his arm, set out in a search for the scene of the tragedy. Directed by whispering and terrified natives, they reached the Bibi Ghur, the bungalow in which the women and children had been confined, and in which they had been slain. With burning eyes and set faces, the men looked in on the ghastly and the woeful tokens of the devilry that had been enacted inside those four low walls, — the puddles of blood, the scraps of clothing, the broken ornaments, the leaves of Bibles, the children's shoes — ah, what need to catalogue the pitiful relics? Then they followed the blood-trail to the brink of the awful well, filled and heaped with the hacked and battered dead. Sullivan lifted up his voice and wept aloud. His comrade, of dourer nature, gazed on the spectacle with swelling throat. Big Jock Gibson sank down on the ground, sobbing as he had never done since the day his mother said him farewell, and gave him her Gaelic blessing in the market-place of Tain. As he sobbed, his fingers were fumbling mechanically for the mouthpiece of his pipes. Presently he slipped it absently into his mouth. As the wind whistles through the bare boughs of the trees in winter, so came, in fitful soughs, the first wayward notes from out weeping Jock's drone and chanter. At length he mastered the physical signs of his woe, or rather, it might have been, he transferred his emotion from his heart into his pipes; and as the other two left him, he was sitting there, over the great grave, pouring forth a wild shrill dirge — a pibroch and a coronach in one.

An hour later, to a group of comrades

gathered in a little tope in front of the tents, Mick Sullivan was trying, in broken words, to tell of what he had seen. He was abruptly interrupted by Jock Gibson, who strode into the midst of the circle, his face white and drawn, his pipes silent now, carried under his arm.

"Comrades," began Jock, in a strange, far-away voice, "I hae seen a sicht that has curdlet my bluid. The soles o' my brogues are wat wi' the gore o' women an' bairns; I saw whaur their corpses lay whummled ane abune anither, strippit and gashed, till the well was fu' ow'r its lip. Men, I can speak nae mair o' that awesome sight; but I hae brought awa' a token thet I fand — see!"

And Jock pulled from out his breast a long heavy tress of golden hair cut clean through, as if with a slash of a sharp sword that had missed the head. As he held it out, it hung limp and straight in a sunbeam that fell upon it through the leaves of the mango-trees. The rough soldiers bared their heads in the presence of it.

Old Hamish Macnab, the Kintail man, the patriarch of the regiment stepped forward: —

"Gie me that, Jock Gibson!"

Jock handed Macnab the token from the place of the slaughter.

"Stan' roun' me, men!" commanded Macnab.

The Highlanders closed about him silently, impressed by the solemnity of his tone.

Then Macnab bade them to join hands round him. When they had done so, he lifted up his voice, and spoke with measured solemnity, his eyes blazing and the blood all in his old worn face, —

"By the mithers that bore ye, by yer young sisters and brithers at hame in the clachan an' the glen, by yer ain wives an' weans some o' ye, swear by this token that henceforth ye show nae ruth to the race that has done this accursed deed of bluid!"

Sternly, from deep down in every throat, came the hoarse answer, "We swear!" Then Macnab parted out the tress into as many locks as there were men in the circle, distributing to each a lock. He coiled up the lock he had kept for himself, and opening his doublet, placed it on his heart. His comrades silently imitated him.

All the world knows the marvellous story of Havelock's relief of Lucknow; against what odds the little column he commanded so gallantly fought its way

from Cawnpore over the intervening forty miles; with what heroism and what losses it battled its road through the intricacies and obstacles of the native city; till at length, Havelock and Outram riding at its head, it marched along the street of death till the Bailey guard-gate of the residency was reached, and greetings and cheers reached the war-worn relievers from the far-spent garrison that had all but abandoned hope of relief. Before the advance from Cawnpore began, Mick Sullivan and his chum, remaining still nominally attached to the Highland regiment, had joined the little force of irregular cavalry which Havelock had gathered from the infantrymen who could ride, while he waited at Cawnpore for reinforcements. As scouts, on reconnaissance duty, in pursuits and in sheer hard fighting, this little cohort of mounted men had its full share of adventure and danger, and the Light Dragoon comrades had great delight in being once again back in the saddle.

When the main column had pressed on into the residency, the wounded of the fighting in the suburbs and native town had been left behind in the Motee Mahal along with the rear-guard. On the morning after the entrance, a detachment of volunteers sallied out to escort into the residency the doolies in which the wounded still lay inadequately cared for. The return journey from the first was much molested by hostile fire, many of the native bearers bolting, and leaving the doolies to be carried by the escorting Europeans. The guide became bewildered, and the head of the procession of doolies deviated from the proper route into a square which proved a perfect death-trap, and has passed into history as Doolie Square. The handful of escorting soldiers, of whom Mick's comrade was one, fought desperately to protect the poor wounded lying helpless in the doolies; but the rebels drove them back by sheer weight, and massacred a large proportion of the hapless inmates. Too late to save these the fire of the escort cleared the square, and fortunately no more doolies entered the fatal *cul de sac*. Suddenly the little party holding their ground there became aware of a great commotion in the street just outside the archway which formed the entrance to the square. Pistol-shots were heard, and loud shouts of Hindostanee mingled with something that sounded like a British oath. A sally was at once made. Darting out of the square through the archway, the sallying party fought their way through the

swarm of Sepoys outside to where a single European swaying a cavalry sabre, his back against the wall, and covering a wounded boy-officer who lay at his feet, was keeping at bay, now with a dexterous parry, anon with a swift sweeping cut, and again with a lightning thrust, the throng of howling miscreants who pressed around him. The foremost man of the sallying party, cutting down a Pandy who turned on him, sprang to the side of the man with the dripping sabre in his hand.

"Look if the lad's alive," were the first words of Mick Sullivan, for he was the man with the sabre.

Mick's chum, for he it was who had headed the rescuers, stooped down, and found the young officer alive and conscious. He told Mick so.

"Thin hould me up, acushla, for it's kilt intirely I am," and poor Mick threw his arm over his chum's shoulder, and the gallant fellow's head fell on his breast.

The Pandies were massing again, so the little party, carrying Mick and the officer, struggled back again into their feeble refuge inside the square. The youngster was seen to first, and then Dr. Home proceeded to investigate Mick's condition.

"Och an' sure, docthor jewel, ye may save yersilf the trouble. I'm kilt all over — as full of wovnds as Donnybrook is of drunk men at nightfall. I've got me discharge from the sarvice, an' that wid-out a pinsion. There's niver a praiste in an odd corner av the mansion, is there, chum?"

The chum told him the place was not a likely one for priests.

"I'd fain have confissed before I die, an' had a word wid a praiste, but sure they can't expict a man on active sarvice to go out av the worrld as reglar as if he were turnin' his toes up in his bed. Chum," continued the poor fellow, his voice becoming weaker as the blood trickled from him into a hollow of the earthen floor, "chum, dear, give us a hould av yer hand. Ye mind that poor young crayture av a wife of mine I left wapin' fur me on the quay at Southampton. There's some goold and jools in the dimmickin' bag in me belt, an' if ye could send them to her ye would be doin' yer old chum a kindness."

The chum promised in a word — his heart was too full for more. Mick lay back silent for a little, gasping in his growing exhaustion. But suddenly he raised himself again on his elbow, and in a heightened voice continued, —

"An' chum, if ever ye see the 30th

Light agin, tell them, will ye, that Mick Sullivan died wid a sword in his hand" — he had never quitted the grip of the bloody sabre — "an' wid spurs on his heels. I take ye all to witness, men, that I die a dhragoon, an' not a swaddy! Divil a word have I to say against the Ross-shire Buffs, chaps — divil a word; but I'm a dhragoon to the last dhrap av me blood! Ah me!" — here honest Mick's voice broke for the first time — "ah me! niver more will I back a horse or use a sword!"

And then he fell back, panting for breath, and it seemed as if he had spoken his last words. But the mind of the dying man was on a train of thought that would still have expression. Again he sprang into a sitting posture, and loud and clear as if on the parade-ground, there rang out from his lips the consecutive words of command, —

"Carry swords!"

"Return swords!"

"Prepare to dismount!"

"Dismount!"

A torrent of blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell forward dead. Mick Sullivan had dismounted forever.

When the great mutiny was finally stamped out, Mick Sullivan's chum got himself sent back to the 30th Light, down in the Madras presidency. He delivered his poor comrade's dying message to the regiment, and told the tale of his heroic death; and how Outram had publicly announced that, had he survived, he would have recommended Mick for the Victoria Cross. From colonel to band-boy, the 30th Light was deeply moved by the recital. The regiment subscribed to a man to place a memorial-stone over Mick's grave in the cemetery inside the Lucknow Residency, where he had been laid among the heroes of the siege. The quartermaster took temporary charge of the "goold and jools" which were Mick's legacy to "the crayture," and the colonel himself wrote home instructions that every effort should be made to find the little woman and have her cared for.

One morning, about a month later, the colonel and his wife were taking their early canter on the Bangalore *maidan*. As they crossed the highroad from down country, they noticed, tramping through the deep dust, a white woman with a child in her arms. She dragged herself wearily; the pale, fagged face, and the wistful, upward look at them as she trudged by,

moved the good heart of the colonel's wife.

"Speak to her," she said to her husband; "she is a stranger, and forlorn."

"Where are you bound for, my good woman?" asked the colonel; "have you come far?"

The woman set down the child, a well-grown boy, who looked about two years old, and with a long sigh of weariness replied, —

"I've come from England, sir, and I am on my way to the 30th Light Dragoons to find my husband."

"That little chap is quite too heavy for you to carry. What is your name, young one?"

The urchin sprang to "attention," saluted with rigid accuracy, and gravely replied, —

"Mick Tullivan, tir!"

"Good God!" whispered the colonel's wife; "it's Sullivan's widow—it's 'the crayture' herself. Gallop to barracks for a gharry, and while you are gone, I will tell her. God pity her!"

And the kind lady was out of the saddle, and had the boy in her arms, and her tears were raining on his face, as the colonel rode away on his errand.

When the gharry arrived "the crayture" was sitting by the wayside, the skirt of her dress drawn over her face, her head on the shoulder of the colonel's wife, her boy gripped tight in her arms.

The mem sahib carried the poor thing to her own bungalow, for a day or two; and then good-hearted old Bess Bowles, the trumpeter's wife of G troop, came and took her and her boy away to the room that had been prepared for her in the married quarters. Perhaps it was not exactly in accordance with strict regulations, but the colonel had put the widow woman "on the strength"—she was no longer an unrecognized waif, but had her regimental position. Her ration of bread and meat her husband's comrades of G troop contributed; the officers made a little fund that sufficed to give her soldier's pay. She earned it, for a week after she "joined," the surgeon found her in the hospital, in quiet, informal possession of the ward in which lay the most serious cases; and when next year the cholera smote the regiment, the rugged old Scot pronounced her "worth her weight in gold." She has long ago been a member of the sisterhood of army nurses. I remember her out in Africa during the Zulu war, and since then she has smoothed soldiers' pillows in the Egyptian campaigns;

but she is still, and will be till the day she dies, a supernumerary "on the strength" of the 30th Light. She never married again; she is an elderly woman now, and the winsomeness of the days when we knew her as "the crayture" has gone; but the quiet, faithful courage that sustained her on the weary line of march and the forlorn-hope expedition to the East, is staunch still in her honest heart. The sergeant-major of to-day of G troop in the 30th Light—I call the corps by its old familiar name still, but they are Hussars now—is a straight, clean-built young fellow, with a light heart, a bright eye, and a quaint humor. His name is Mick Sullivan, and he is the son of "the crayture," and of the man who died in the porch of Doolie Square.

From The Nineteenth Century.

OUR REIGN IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS.*

WHEN Napoleon the First seized Corfu, the chief of the Ionian Islands, he was preparing for a dash on India. This, the grandest of his many schemes, was also one of his earliest. To occupy Egypt, command the Red Sea, capture Bombay, join hands with "Citizen Tippoo," and drive the English out of India—such was the plan which he was revolving in his mind in 1797, and which he in part carried out in 1798. Thus much accomplished, he would return to Europe through Persia and the Euphrates valley, take Russia in the rear, envelop central Europe in a circle of war, and crown himself universal lord.

The fact that Corfu lay on the route to India, and was destined by Napoleon to play a great part in his adventures, makes the struggle for its possession not only intelligible but exciting. Without this key it is impossible to understand why he should have preferred to abandon Venice and all the rich provinces of north Italy to Austria, rather than give up Corfu. With this key we see that, compared with what he was aiming at, the Venetian dominions on the mainland were a bagatelle, and it is not hard to understand what he meant when he wrote to the Directory that it would be better for France, if she had to choose between Corfu and all Italy, to

* The Ionian Islands—assigned to England by the Great Powers under convention, on the 5th of November, 1815; resigned to Greece by England under treaty with the Great Powers, on the 14th of November, 1863.

keep the island. The reason he alleges is that the place would be of great advantage to French commerce. Now Corfu had certainly once been known as the key of the Adriatic; but the stream of commerce had been long since diverted from Venice, and the Adriatic was but an empty box. There was no trade there worth securing at the expense of a fortress needing five hundred guns and a garrison of ten thousand men.

His arrangements for obtaining possession of the islands were as follows. They were first declared free under French auspices. Gentili, a Corsican of some military talents, and a determined foe of England, was sent to command the protecting force of French. With him was sent Napoleon's friend and admirer, Arnault, of the "Biographie Universelle," to "help him write his despatches," and to report the state of public feeling in the islands. The state of public feeling was reported to be very satisfactory. The people were wild with joy, and in a most gratifying condition of democratic fervor. The hated emblem of Venice, which had dominated the fortress for four hundred years, was everywhere erased, and the triumphant crest of France took its place. Liveries and coats of arms were denounced, and persons suspected of aristocratic leanings were controlled in the public interest.

Foremost among the supplicants for French protection had been the inhabitants of the island of Zante. When the first speeches, fireworks, and denunciations were over, when the novelty had worn off the proclamations concerning the rights of man, and the "*anno primo della libertà ionia*," their dramatic instinct began to crave further satisfaction. Zante was not insensible to the justice of a contemporary criticism on Ionian liberty. "*E Corcira si dice indipendente! Sì, come lo sarebbe una fanciulla inerme in mezzo a armati e poderosi giganti.*" How much greater would Ionia be as a part of great France than as an independent state! The petition of Zante for the absorption of the new State into the French republic was therefore made, and graciously accepted, and the isles of the Adriatic were duly entered as new departments of the French republic.

The annexation of the islands gave Napoleon a freer hand. Admiral Brueys, who was blown up on the Orient next year, was sent from Toulon to Corfu to recruit sailors among the Greeks who had so long manned the fleets of Venice. Cha-

bot was appointed to take the military and Comeyras the civil command. The latter was cousin to the Comeyras who published, in the year 1798, a very luminous pamphlet on cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez and penetrating to India. He prophesied that the cutting of the canal would inevitably be the ruin of England, "*et que Dieu en soit bénit!*" The sinister results to England to flow from the Egyptian expedition were endless. Conspicuous among them was the destruction of our Baltic trade, in which four hundred vessels were then yearly engaged. This was to be accomplished by giving Russia a free passage to the Mediterranean, and so drawing all the wealth of the Baltic trade to France. The cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, and the destruction of our settlements in the East, were in Bonaparte's orders from the Directory when he sailed for Egypt.

The English, on their side, were not idle. Four thousand fresh troops were promised to the governor-general of India by a secret committee of the Court of Directors, and public subscriptions were opened in Calcutta to meet the public danger. Nelson was watching in the Mediterranean, but Admiral Brueys gave him the slip, and arrived off Egypt. On the 1st of August, 1798, was fought the battle of the Nile, the French fleet was destroyed, and Nelson was the hero of the world. His first thought was to send a message to Bombay, overland, proud as an Englishman to be able to put the settlements on their guard. "Bombay, if they get there, I know is their first object," Nelson wrote to the governor of Bombay on the 9th of August, 1798. Even Nelson himself did not then know how completely his victory had ruined Bonaparte's designs. He could indeed hear of no fleet capable of transporting a considerable body of troops to India, but so imminent did the danger seem that he judged it right to warn the governor of Bombay, in the possible event of there being a fleet he had not heard of lying concealed somewhere along the coast of the Red Sea.

Foremost among the tributes he received was a present of 10,000*l.* from the East India Company, a very fair gauge of the danger they thought they had escaped. The perfidious little island of Zante, unwilling to lose an opportunity of distinguishing itself, presented him with a gold-headed cane.

Napoleon had not been without immediate designs on central Europe; fortunately, they were to be effected through a

weapon that turned in his grasp. The view of Sir John Acton, then prime minister of Naples, was that disorder was to be stirred up in the Balkan Peninsula, and then turned north upon Poland and Hungary. Ali Pasha of Joannina was the destined instrument of this policy. He had corresponded with Napoleon, who addressed him as his "most respectable friend." The value of his friendship was tested when the news from Egypt reached Cephalonia, upon which he immediately seized the French possessions on the mainland of Greece. After the capture of Prevesa he compelled his surviving French prisoners to flay the corpses of their dead comrades, salt their skins, and carry them to Joannina in sacks. Such was Ali Pasha, "l'illustre chef Albanais" of Alexandre Dumas, and Napoleon's "most respectable" ally.

The sultan was little pleased with the French proceedings in Egypt. He covered Nelson with presents and distinctions, and followed up the battle of the Nile with a declaration of war against France. He had a strange ally in the czar; for all three powers had set their hearts on the Ionian Islands. It has already been seen how Napoleon had written of them to the Directory. On the 9th of August, 1798, he wrote more distinctly: "The Turkish Empire crumbles daily; the possession of these islands will enable us to keep it up as long as possible, or to make the most for ourselves out of the situation." The Porte was perfectly well aware of the facts, and Russia was no more blind to them than the Porte. A tinge of absurdity is lent to this extraordinary alliance by the proclamation to the Ionians which it put forward: "My master and the Sublime Porte," wrote Üschakoff the Russian admiral, "equally inspired with divine zeal, have come to free you from the infidel French."

Under the protection of these two allies, the Septinsular Republic—a State which was to figure in Europe for sixty years—first saw the light. Turkey wished to create a principality out of the islands after the model of Wallachia, but the same weakness which had prevented her from seizing them for her own benefit allowed Russia to have her way, and to grant to the Ionians such measure of representative government as was understood by the most despotic autocrat in the world, at the end of the last century. The solemn declaration of the independence of Ionia preceded a period of anarchy under Russian supervision, which lasted till Eylau

and Friedland had been fought, and the islands were, under the treaty of Tilsit, again handed over to France—but this time to an imperial France whose navy was destroyed, and whose emperor was forever cured of any ambition to command the sea. César Berthier was the first governor-general. He was a brother of the Prince of Wagram, and himself a soldier of some ability, but he had drunk too deeply of the wine of revolution and empire to keep his head in a position requiring much self command. While all that his little charge needed from him was steady administration, Berthier pictured himself as a monarch. He called his secretaries his "ministers," and conducted himself as the soldier-king of a conquered country. His stern and unsuccessful government was short-lived; he was recalled in January, 1808, and replaced by General Donzelot.

General Donzelot, whose long life included many years of distinguished colonial service, is best known to Englishmen as a military man, and the commander of a division at Waterloo. His kindness, simplicity, and geniality showed in pleasing contrast to César Berthier's roughness, and endeared him to the inhabitants of Corfu, but his influence did not extend further than the capital, and the men who governed the other islands were incompetent persons who brought the French rule into discredit. His commissary-general was also a popular man. This was Matthew de Lesseps, brother of the famous traveller, and himself a diplomatist of mark, but whose name is more familiar to the men of our generation as borne by his son, Ferdinand de Lesseps. His government had scarcely established itself when an English expedition appeared in the Adriatic. Among its leaders was Colonel (afterwards Sir) Hudson Lowe. His task was an easy one, for Donzelot had no ships. To attempt without ships the defence of the islands, which depended for a part, at least, of their supplies on the mainland, was to court defeat. The greater part of the French strength, numbering nearly twelve thousand men, was concentrated in Corfu, and in 1809 Lowe captured Cephalonia, after a slight resistance, and Zante. In 1810 he took Santa Maura. Of these three islands and Ithaca he was named governor. When Napoleon abdicated, Corfu alone held out. Donzelot would listen to no negotiations, hoping to the last that France would retain the fortress and island as a set-off to Malta; but both were duly delivered over to the

English by order of Louis XVIII. on the 23rd of June, 1814.

Thus for twenty years all the great powers of Europe had struggled to possess themselves of the Ionian Islands. Russia and Turkey, France — republican, royal, and imperial — and Great Britain had ruled there in turn, while Austria and Naples had attempted unsuccessfully to win for themselves some part in their government. Many of the present ambitions of the nations of Europe, and some aspirations long since laid to sleep with the mighty dead, found in the possession of Corfu the first stepping-stone to their goal. Through Corfu, Napoleon had sought to conquer India, the czar to break up Turkey, and Austria to make herself a naval power. At the great peace the coveted instrument of so many baulked ambitions was left in the hands of Great Britain.

Corfu, the chief island, is the same size as the Isle of Man. Zante is a little larger than the Isle of Wight. Ithaca and Paxo are about as large as Jersey and Guernsey respectively. Santa Maura has an area of one hundred and eighty, and Cephalonia — the largest of all — of three hundred and forty-eight square miles. The six islands lie in a chain along the west coast of Greece, with Corfu at the north and Zante at the south. The seventh — Cerigo — lies to the extreme south of Greece, as far from Zante as Zante is from Corfu. The rest of the little State was made up by a number of smaller islands, mostly mere fishing-rocks, which made no show in the accounts of the government, but were found, as time went on, to be very convenient places of exile, and were used as such under the power of police which the British lord high commissioners retained to the last.

The population numbered about two hundred thousand, or not much less than it does at present. They were high-spirited, vain, and ambitious, and mendacious above all the other races of the Levant. Naturally the *vendetta* flourished in so favorable a soil, and during the Russian occupation the murders in Zante averaged one a day. A long administration of the feudal system, under the corrupt and suspicious government of Venice, had kept the lower classes in a state of mediæval barbarism, while their trade had been systematically starved in the interests of Venice. At the same time no one could exceed the Ionian noble in personal charm. Of simple, frugal habits and polished tastes, he excelled in all the arts of entertainment. He was graceful and dig-

nified in manner, and gifted with a rare intellectual power. The history of the Ionian government, however, showed that his political capacity confined itself, for the most part, to writing and speaking, and was less apparent when the time came for work. He was attracted by whatever was striking or theatrical; the commonplace drudgery of life he avoided as unworthy his attention. His devotion to the Church was tempered by an indulgent conscience and an imperturbable temper.

The law courts were, as might have been expected, fields of battle to which were transferred those feudal disputes which could be there more conveniently or lucratively settled than in the open. Of litigation there was plenty, the Ionian intelligence taking readily to a pursuit which offered so much interesting work, and so many exciting scenes. Justice was now and then done, but fortuitously.

The problem of devising for this little dominion a successor to the six or seven governments it had enjoyed in the preceding twenty years, was duly laid before the Congress of Vienna. In framing their regulations, the Congress had the assistance of Count John Capodistrias, then secretary of state to the czar Alexander, and the most distinguished Ionian of the century. His first suggestion was to erect the islands into a kingdom, the destined king being Eugène Beauharnais. The account of this proposal runs thus in the "Biographie Universelle." Capodistrias "avait espéré d'abord en former un royaume indépendant à la tête duquel on aurait appelé le prince Eugène de Beauharnais, à qui des ouvertures furent faites à ce sujet. Mais, par un noble sentiment, ce prince refusa tout avantage personnel dans le démembrement de l'empire français." Unfortunately this lofty view of the prince's conduct is hardly historical. Eugène accepted the fact of the emperor's ruin with perfect resignation. While at Vienna he used all his influence with the czar Alexander and other potentates, and his own deserved popularity, for the purpose of making the best bargain for himself, quite irrespective of any attachment to his stepfather's person or principles. The Congress of Vienna certainly treated him well. They offered him a domain with a becoming establishment in either Italy or Bavaria, or — as a *pis-aller*, as he himself put it — the Ionian Isles. He discussed the alternatives with his wife with great philosophy and in a most business-like manner. Italy and Germany were certainly pleasant, but they might lead to

embarrassment, Italy especially. In Corfu, on the other hand, there would be some drawbacks, but it was a fine country, and once there they would be safe from the complications which he foresaw must arise in the future out of the Vienna negotiations. While they were hesitating, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and all Europe was in a flame. After Waterloo and the occupation of Paris the powers were weary of the Bonapartes, and, while Eugène retained the affection of his powerful friends, it became quite clear that Europe would not tolerate another Bonaparte kingdom for some time to come. The plan was never again brought forward, and Eugène ended his days peaceably at his father-in-law's court in Bavaria as Duke of Leuchtenberg.

After some discussion it was then decided to create an independent State under the exclusive protection of Great Britain, which should exercise her authority through a lord high commissioner.

The present century has seen the rise of all the South American republics, and the reconstruction of most European States on representative lines; it has also seen representative government granted to the colonies of Great Britain. Except Russia and Turkey and the States of Asia, there is now no part of the world, not still plunged in barbarism, where a despotism, benevolent or otherwise, prevails. But seventy years ago it was different. There was only one republic in the world and that but a generation old, while among the States of Europe England was the only one really constitutionally governed. The erection of the islands into a republic was therefore an experiment, and, it must be owned, a very hazardous one. It was chiefly brought about by the influence of Count John Capodistrias. The treaty settling the form of government was signed by Metternich and the Duke of Wellington, but it shows no traces of their handiwork except their signatures.

Sir Thomas Maitland was the first lord high commissioner of the United States of the Ionian Islands. He had been governor of Malta, and was known as "King Tom" from his arbitrary disposition. He was dirty and coarse, rude in manner and violent in temper. His personal habits were those of a soldier of seventy years ago; no one more uncongenial to the Ionians could have been found. At the same time he had undoubted ability. His energy was inexhaustible, and he was possessed, further, of an unusual knowledge of men, and a fine appreciation of their motives.

He needed all his talents to solve the problem with which he found himself confronted.

His difficulties were greatly increased by the presence in Corfu of Count John Capodistrias, then on leave from St. Petersburg. This noble was born at Corfu in 1776. Like so many Corfiots of ability, he studied medicine at Padua and Venice, and was made secretary to the Septinsular Republic under the Russian rule in 1803. When the islands became French, in 1807, César Berthier offered him a post, but his sympathies were all with Russia, who supported the cause of Greek independence, and he betook himself to St. Petersburg, where, in 1809, he entered the diplomatic service. He rose rapidly, and as the representative of Russia he bore a leading part in the negotiations of 1814-15. In November, 1815, he was named joint secretary of state with Count Nesselrode. He was a fervent devotee of the Greek Church, a zealous Russian partisan, and a tireless intriguer for the cause of Greek independence. Steadily closing his eyes to facts, and seeing only those glorious visions he wished to see, he gained a great following in Corfu, and rapidly became an embarrassment to Maitland's government.

The lord high commissioner's view was bounded by his charge, and the best way to govern it. What he saw was, in brief, bad roads, no markets, a starved trade, a parody of justice in the law courts, restrictive tolls, an empty exchequer, and virtual anarchy everywhere. All his energies were therefore concentrated on bringing about a better state of things. What he cared for was to secure the peace and material prosperity for which he was responsible. He cared not one jot for the "great Greek idea," "the traditions of a noble past," "a free democracy rising in its might," and such like. At the same time he was as little liable to shut his eyes to facts as any man, and it was very clear from the first that a large number of Ionians did care a great deal for these things, and were, in the mean time, comparatively indifferent to the state of their roads or the price of their oil. All this party gathered round Capodistrias, who, besides being the embodiment of their dreams, was the channel through which they hoped roubles and even more precious decorations might reach the Ionian who was faithful to him. The idea that Russia would seriously countenance a secret opposition to the government was probably illusive, but it none the less led to a dan-

gerous attitude on the part of many public men of influence, and the formation of intrigues of which Capodistrias was the centre. The Russian attractions were certainly great; money and a glittering star would be cheaply earned by doing what was in itself very dear to the hearts of all true Corfiots — plotting, intriguing, speechifying, posing, and denouncing, particularly when earned in the cause of Greek independence, the cherished dream of all Ionians. Then, too, the religion of the Ionians, a bar to their progress in every other European State, was a recommendation in Russia.

But all these things were *in futuro*, while Maitland on the other hand was in possession, the disposer of good things, and was moreover an able, resolute, and extremely crafty man. He had power to bestow — a share in the government which could never be attained by those who dwelt in the tents of Capodistrias. Then by exercising the most rigid parsimony wherever it was possible, he contrived to pay public officers in large numbers and on a lavish scale. Finally, he brought about the institution of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for the decoration of Maltese and Ionians, and thus enlisted on his side all the forces of personal interest. Cupidity, vanity, thirst for power, there was not one impulse of human nature that was not better satisfied by being loyal than by being factious.

To take an example. The Russians had dignified the president of the Senate with the title of "Prince" and an emolument of 300*l.* a year. "Prince" was out of the question for an English subject, but there was comparatively little objection to "Highness," a dignity which the president accordingly continued to enjoy under the English rule. A salary of 1,500*l.* a year made up for the difference.

Maitland had no small contempt for the Ionian love for a title, but he paid little heed to the abstract unsuitability of having so many great people in so small a place, and scattered distinctions with a profusion born of their inexpensive nature and his profound conviction of their usefulness. Thus the senators were "Most Illustrious," the members of the House of Representatives "Most Noble," and the judges were "Most Eminent."

The government consisted of the lord high commissioner, the Senate, and the House of Representatives. The Senate numbered four, one member for each of the larger islands, and one representing the other three, to be elected by each of

them in turn. The senators were elected by the Legislative Assembly. The latter body numbered forty. When Maitland was entrusted with the duty of drawing up a constitution, he saw clearly, after a most careful survey of the islands, that a truly representative government was out of the question. He accordingly set about making such a constitution as should give some power to the Ionians, but not enough to be harmful, and under which they should enjoy the semblance of much more power than they really possessed. He appointed a Primary Council of ten members and a president, the latter being Baron Theotoky, the son of the man who had enjoyed the favor of the Russians, and had been president of the Senate under the constitution they had granted to the islands. The Primary Council drew up the rules of elections and regulated the franchise. They assigned eight members to Cephalonia, seven each to Corfu and Zante, four to Santa Maura, and one each to Ithaca, Paxo, and Cerigo. This made twenty-nine; they were themselves *ex officio* members, and the total number thus reached forty. The franchise was narrow — Cephalonia, for example, with a population of sixty thousand, had an electorate numbering only four hundred. The candidates were elected from a list drawn up by the Primary Council. This was a feature of the Russian constitution which Maitland preserved. The Russian method of conducting an election was not followed by Maitland. It was peculiar, and consisted in locking the electors into a church, and keeping guard over them with fixed bayonets until they had chosen their representatives.

It will be seen that, under the forms of a constitution, Maitland reserved to himself almost unlimited power. His instructions were to govern the islands under a constitution, and recognizing that his instructions involved a contradiction, he made up his mind to govern, and did so with signal success, displaying great ingenuity in drafting a constitution that scarcely hampered him at all.

The strongest evidence of his wisdom is the fate of his worst enemy, John Capodistrias, who was led by his enthusiasm and his Russian proclivities into a violent opposition to Maitland and his government. He was afterwards elected the first president of Greece, and then declared his conviction that the Greeks were utterly unfitted for constitutional government. In 1831 he was assassinated as a tyrant and an enemy of Greece.

Though the effect of Maitland's constitution was to confine the franchise almost entirely to the nobles, he was incessantly at war with them as a class. He broke the entail of fiefs, and forbade usurious advances from landlords to tenants, and almost destroyed their influence in the State as a body. The roads and bridges that he and his great lieutenant, Charles Napier, built were the wonder of all travellers. He abolished the farm of Church lands, and, above all, he purified the administration of justice. Murder, from being a daily occurrence, providing at most a little gossip, sank to its proper position as an infamous crime, and became proportionately rare. After twenty years of anarchy the countryside was safe and quiet. Out of an annual income of 140,000*l.* he left a surplus of 130,000*l.* He carried out the spirit of his instructions and made a civilized government possible; it was for his successors to make it constitutional.

But it was not every man who could control a factious nobility, or grasp the truth through the meshes of intrigue which surrounded all questions of Ionian administration. It was not the first comer, trained in a decorous diplomacy, who could bend to his will the wayward spirits who intrigued and fretted under an orderly government. Unhappily, on Maitland's death, the sceptre fell into the hands of one who valued the bauble more than the power of which it was the symbol. Sir Frederick Adam, who had distinguished himself in the second rank, was now subjected to the severe test of a leading position in hazardous times. A soldier of great merit but chiefly distinguished in civil life for his urbanity and tact, he was endowed with a fondness for display and some measure of personal vanity. He found the office of lord high commissioner one of great authority, but did not perceive the responsibilities that his power entailed, and by assuming which it had been created and could alone be maintained. The large number of troops at his command, and the lavish scale of payment in the public service, combined to dazzle him and give him a totally wrong view of his position. The "Lord High," as the English called him, was, if he did his duty, a hard-worked official with endless responsibilities and anxieties. Adam made him the happy ruler of a settled State, whose only duty to his subjects was to shine as brightly as possible. Not content with the palace in Corfu, he therefore built himself another house outside

the town, and a residence in Zante. 20,000*l.* was expended on only one of these. He donned a gold-laced coat, drove in a resplendent coach, and was with difficulty dissuaded from starting a guard of lancers.

All this, it is but fair to say, with the settled design of impressing the Ionians and smoothing the troubles of the government. It is needless to say how entirely mistaken he was. Such proceedings might have impressed the half-barbarous folk in some backward province of Asia, but the Ionians thought them extravagant and out of place. Their net result was the disappearance of Maitland's balance and the appearance of a large debt, which was further increased by the vote of 2,000*l.* (for a diamond star for Adam) which the Senate passed when the lord high commissioner retired in 1832.

By the end of Adam's term there was no tradition of Maitland's work and views left. His successors were contented to assume that the constitution was elective, which it was not, and that they governed through it, which was equally inaccurate. The best-directed exertions in the world could bring no good result out of so false a position, but an acute state of things did not set in till 1849. Lord Seaton was then lord high commissioner. He had a most distinguished military record as Sir John Colborne, and had just been made a peer for his services in Canada. Entering on his term of office with no marked liberal leanings, in 1848 he suddenly resolved to extend the franchise. In Cephalonia the number of voters was increased from four hundred to over eight times that number. The same proportion was followed everywhere. Vote by ballot was established. The Primary Council and the double list of electors were abolished, and the Ionians suddenly found themselves in the enjoyment of greater political privileges than Englishmen themselves. The result was what might have been foreseen. On the one side was a mass of new voters ignorant of everything connected with the government. On the other, as candidates, a number of men of education, with no occupation and scanty means. During many years past the latter body had been growing in numbers, for the demand for law and medicine in Corfu was necessarily limited, while the supply of lawyers and doctors was almost endless. At the same time the members of the Legislative Assembly were comfortably salaried. All the clever young men who had spent the preceding ten years in idling and talking politics rushed therefore into

the new and congenial profession of agitation. With no real training in the affairs of life, but fluent and dramatic by nature, and patriotic—as they understood the word—by profession, they gulled the electorate with perfect ease, and soon composed a commanding majority of the Chamber. They persuaded their constituents, wholly ignorant as they were of the history of the protectorate, that their ills came from the English, and by maintaining in the House a steady opposition to all schemes of internal improvement they prevented any of those ills from being cured.

It is worth while to take a glimpse at this extraordinary Assembly, which was called into existence by the policy of conciliation—conciliation of noisy idlers at the expense of the peaceable and hard-working. The Assembly numbered forty-two. It met in a hall with galleries which would hold about nine hundred, and were generally filled with the rabble of Corfu. These ragged spectators were actually allowed to take part in the proceedings of the Chamber, and cheered or groaned at every turn of the debate. The Assembly had so little notion of the forms of debating that it would discuss a motion before it was framed. One of its motions was for the reduction of salaries—their own excepted. Another and very favorite one was for union with Greece. For by Lord Seaton's time a new complication had arisen. At first the islanders—even if their natural restlessness would not permit them to be contented with England—had no government in particular to turn to as an alternative from our rule. But after the establishment of the Greek monarchy a situation arose which a logical mind could not but confess weighed grievously against the policy of separation. On the mainland was a Greek State—truly most disordered and bankrupt—but still a State, with a king, a constitution, ministers, and an army and navy. Close by were the islands, inhabited by the same race, speaking the same language as their brothers on the mainland, with slightly different traditions but still with a glorious past in common, and yet ruled by a different government. Two parties thus rapidly grew up—the Separatists and the Unionists. The Separatists were all for keeping the islands apart—the Unionists for joining Greece. The Unionists won in the end, as in similar cases they always must, but the union did not take place without years of disgraceful and sometimes ludicrous strife.

The resolution for union with Greece was therefore made from time to time by the Chambers. It was in vain that one lord high commissioner after another pointed out that the resolution was *ultra vires*; it remained the staple product of Ionian parliamentary intelligence.

The lord high commissioner was assailed in the House and out of it with every form of indignity. Even diplomatic language was forced to characterize some of the libels as "gross and disgusting." After the speech from the throne on the 20th of March, 1850, and before proceeding to business, the House summoned a priest to purify it from the lord high commissioner's presence, and continued to perpetuate this piece of solemn impertinence until the union with Greece in 1863.

Such was the Ionian Parliament, and the antics in which it indulged. This was the assembly which presumed to lecture Great Britain on her foreign relations, and held up Greece as an example for her imitation. With one hand it fostered lawlessness and outrage among an ignorant peasantry, and with the other would gladly have paralyzed the administration that sought to restore order.

In 1853 died Sir Charles Napier. As resident of Cephalonia he had filled the imagination and won the hearts of the Ionians. Twenty years after his retirement he wrote to an Ionian friend:—

I always think of my second country, the—to me—dear island of Cephalonia! I have almost cried with vexation to hear of all that goes on there. My friend, Lord Seaton, has, I hear, been blamed by the English. I cannot think him wrong, I am sure he has too much ability to do ill; but I know nothing of what has passed and am no judge. I, however, hear that people have been harshly treated in Cephalonia, and I know there is no need of this; for the people are good and noble! As to my own countrymen, I well know how ready they are to treat people with violence. Bad government always makes men of courage turbulent; that is the fault of the Government, not of those who resist. At the same time there are in all countries men of an ambitious and mischievous nature, whom no Government can please. I did hear that some of these spirits are in Cephalonia. That they can resist the power of England is an idea so silly that I cannot have much opinion of those who fancy they can. . . . My own opinion is, I confess to you, that for your own interests you are better off under our protection than under that of Greece, ruled by Bavarians. But if you all wish to be under Greece, I think it would be better to give the islands to Greece—I mean better for England, but worse for you; because some Cephalonian

faction would gain power at Athens, and oppress all their personal enemies: you would all suffer. This is my opinion, and all men being liable to error, I may be wrong. Were I king of England I would give you all to Greece at once, and in a few years you would come back to England of your own accord. We do much wrong, we do much injustice, we are very much to blame in many things, but, take us altogether, we govern you better than the Greek Government would. . . . However, times may mend, and I am sure I wish you should have a good Lord High Commissioner, for no Englishman loves the Ionian Islands as I do. I keep Cutupi [a small estate of his in Cephalonia] because I love Cephalonia; were I younger I would go and live among you as a private gentleman, but I am seventy, and the night fast closes upon me.

This letter so well illustrates Napier's character, that its transcription at some length may be pardoned. Unfortunately times did not mend. Even the most conciliatory officials were met with studied discourtesy. What wonder? It was the *métier* of every Ionian agitator to be rude and unreasonable; he was paid to remain so. Had he deviated into civility or wavered into a compromise, he would have been replaced at once. The fortune of any young aspirant was made as soon as by sedition and disorderly conduct he could succeed in getting himself arrested; thenceforth his career was assured. Such were the men whom the last lord high commissioners were continually urged by the secretary of state to conciliate.

Mr. Gladstone was lord high commissioner from the 18th of January, 1859, to the 1st of February, 1859. He had previously been special high commissioner for some time while his predecessor, Sir John Young, was lord high commissioner. He was in favor of resigning the islands to Greece, and in fact matters had by then gone so far that there was no alternative from this but the resumption of the power which had been delegated to the electorate. All useful government had long since ceased, and had it not been for a fortunate provision in Maitland's constitution, retained under Seaton's, by which the Senate could vote supply for the ordinary business, the government must have come to a standstill.

The islands were evacuated and handed over to Greece on the 2nd of June, 1864. Few were so disconcerted as the men who had so long schemed for the union. The Ionians who would in the future rep-

resent the island at Athens would not be numerous, and individually of much less importance than they had found themselves at Corfu. However, they put a good face on matters, and the change was welcomed with much show of enthusiasm.

In examining the history of our occupation, one is struck at the lack of discernment, almost amounting to dulness, with which our dispositions were made. In the first place, the Ionians did not require a constitution at all. In the second place, having granted a constitution, it was a pity to draft and sanction a sham one. If it be answered, expediency was allowed to prevail in London, as it had done with Maitland at Corfu, some semblance of continuity should have been preserved, and the islands not allowed to become a party plaything, governed now by a man who believed them utterly unfit for self-government, and now by a man who was willing to go any length in constitutional experiments. Such a course was unfair both to the islands and ourselves. The lack of harmony and consistency was painfully apparent when Lord Seaton, in the speech opening his term of office, publicly censured one of his predecessors for his extravagance. He stultified himself by adding considerably to the debt — the very fault for which he had censured Sir Howard Douglas. The confusion was brought to its height by Lord Seaton's reforms, which were far too sweeping. An example of the extremes between which our system of government oscillated may be found in Lord Seaton's wild proposal to make the lord high commissioner and the Senate responsible to the Legislative Chamber for its work while the latter was not in session — a proposal put forward at the same time that the senators were made the absolute nominees of the lord high commissioner, and while the latter retained the despotic power of banishing political offenders.

In looking back it is impossible not to regret the loss of Corfu and Cephalonia, the beautiful islands, the magnificent fortress, the link in the great chain of our connections with the East. The British Empire, however, has strong forts and rich lands enough, and to spare, and can perhaps afford to miss the Ionian Islands from the long list of her possessions. What she cannot afford to miss are the political lessons taught by history of our well-meant but unfortunate occupation.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
LEIGH HUNT.*

To compare the peaceful and home-keeping art of criticism to the adventurous one of lighthouse-building may seem an excursion into the heroi-comic, if not into the tragic-burlesque. Neither is it in the least my intention to dwell on a tolerably obvious metaphorical resemblance between the two. It is certainly the business of the critic to warn others off from the mistakes which have been committed by his forerunners, and perhaps (for let us anticipate the crushing wit) from his own. But that is not my reason for the suggestion. There is a story of I forget what lighthouse which Smeaton, or Stevenson, or somebody else, had unusual difficulty in establishing. The rock was too near the surface for it to be safe or practicable to moor barges over it; and it was uncovered for too short a time to enable any solid foundations to be laid or even begun during one tide. So the engineer, with other adventurous persons, got himself landed on it, succeeded after a vain attempt or two in working an iron rod into the middle, and then hung on bodily while the tide was up, that he and his men might begin again as soon as it receded. In a mild and unexciting fashion, that is what the critic has to do—to dig about till he makes a lodgment in his author, hang on to it, and then begin to build. It is not always very easy work, and it is never less easy than in the case of the author whom somebody has kindly called "the Ariel of criticism." Leigh Hunt is an extremely difficult person upon whom to make any critical lodgment, for the reason that (without intending any disrespect by the comparison) he has much less of the rock about him than of the shifting sand. I do not now speak of the great Skimpole problem—we shall come to that presently—but merely of the writer as shown in his works.

The works themselves are not particularly easy to get together in any complete form, some of them being almost inextricably entangled in defunct periodicals, and others reappearing in different guises in the author's many published volumes. Mr. Kent's bibliography gives forty-six different entries; Mr. Alexander Ireland's (to which he refers) gives, I think, over eighty. Some years ago I remember receiving the catalogue of a second-hand bookseller who offered what he very

frankly confessed to be far from a complete collection of the first editions at the price of a score or two of pounds; and here at least the first are in some cases the only issue. Probably this is one reason why selections from Leigh Hunt, of which Mr. Kent's is the latest and best, have been frequent. I have seen two certainly, and I think three, within as many years. Luckily however quite enough for the reader's if not for the critic's purpose is easily obtainable. The poems can be bought in more forms than one; Messrs. Smith and Elder have reprinted cheaply the "Autobiography," "Men, Women, and Books," "Imagination and Fancy," "The Town," "Wit and Humor," "Table Talk," and "A Jar of Honey." Other reprints of "One Hundred Romances of Real Life" (one of his merest pieces of book-making) and of his "Stories from the Italian Poets," one of his worst pieces of criticism, but agreeably reproduced in every respect save the hideous American spelling, have recently appeared. The complete and uniform issue, the want of which to some lovers of books (I own myself among them) is never quite made up by a scratch company of volumes of all dates, sizes, and prints is indeed wanting. But still you can get a working Leigh Hunt together.

It is when you have got him that your trouble begins; and before it is done the critic, if he be one of those who are not satisfied with a mere "account rendered," is likely to acknowledge that Leigh Hunt, if "Ariel" be in some respects too complimentary a name for him, is at any rate a most tricky spirit. The finest taste in some ways contrasting with what can only be called the most horrible vulgarity in others; a light hand tediously boring again and again at obviously miscomprehended questions of religion, philosophy, and politics; a keen appetite for humor condescending to thin and repeated jests; a reviler of kings going out of his way laboriously to beslave royalty; a man of letters, of talent almost touching genius, who seldom writes a dozen consecutive good pages,—these are only some of the inconsistencies that meet us in Leigh Hunt.

He has related the history of his immediate and remoter forebears with considerable minuteness—with more minuteness indeed by far than he has bestowed upon all but a few passages of his own life. For the general reader however it is quite sufficient to know that his father, the Reverend Isaac Hunt, who belonged to a

* Leigh Hunt as Poet and Essayist; by Charles Kent. London and New York: 1832.

clerical family in Barbados, went for his education to the still British Provinces of North America, married a Philadelphia girl, Mary Shewell, practised as a lawyer till the Revolution broke out, and then being driven from his adopted country as a loyalist, settled in England, took orders, drifted into Unitarianism or anything-arianism, and ended his days, after not infrequent visits to the King's Bench, comfortably enough, but hanging rather loose on society, his friends, and a pension. Leigh Hunt (his godfathers and godmothers gave him also the names of James Henry, which he dropped) was the youngest son, and was born on October 19th, 1784. His best youthful remembrance, and one of the most really humorous things he ever said, was that he used after a childish indulgence in bad language to think to himself with a shudder when he received any mark of favor, "Ah! they little suspect I'm the boy who said 'd—n.'" But at seven years old he went to Christ's Hospital, and continued there for another seven. His reminiscences of that seminary, put down pretty early, and afterwards embodied in the "Autobiography," are even better known from the fact that they served as a text and as the occasion of a little gentle railery to Elia's famous essay than in themselves. For some years after leaving school he did nothing definite but write verses, which his father (who seems to have been gifted with a plentiful lack of judgment in most incidents and relations of life) published when the boy was but sixteen. They are as nearly as possible valueless, but they went through three editions in a very short time. It ought to be remembered that except Cowper, who was just dead, and Crabbe, who had for years intermitted writing, the public had only Rogers and Southey for poets, for it would none of the "Lyrical Ballads," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" had not yet been published. So that it did not make one of its worst mistakes in taking up Leigh Hunt, who certainly had poetry in him if he did not put it forth quite so early as this. He was made a kind of lion, but fortunately or unfortunately for him only in middle-class circles where there were no patrons. He was quite an old man — nearly twenty — when he made regular entry into the periodical writing which kept him (with the aid of his friends) for nearly sixty years, by contributing as "Mr. Town, Junior" (altered from an old signature of Colman's) theatrical criticisms, which do not seem to have been

paid for, to an evening paper, the *Traveler*, now surviving as a second title to the *Globe*. His bent in this direction was assisted by the fact that his elder brother John had been apprenticed to a printer, and had desires to be a publisher. In January, 1808, the two brothers started the *Examiner*, and Leigh Hunt edited it with a great deal of courage for fourteen years. He threw away for this the only piece of solid preferment that he ever had, a clerkship in the War Office which Addington gave him. His references to this act of recklessness or self-sacrifice in the "Autobiography" are rather enigmatical. His two functions were no doubt incompatible at best, especially considering the violent opposition tone which the *Examiner* took. But Leigh Hunt, whatever faults he had, was never a hypocrite; and he hints pretty broadly that if he had not resigned he might have been asked to do so, not from any political reasons, but simply because he did his work very badly. He was much more at home in the *Examiner* (with which for a short time was joined the quarterly *Reflector*), though his warmest admirers candidly admit that he knew nothing about politics. In 1809 he married a Miss Marianne Kent, whose station was not very exalted, and whose son admits with unusual frankness that she was "the reverse of handsome, and without accomplishments," adding rather whimsically that this person, "the reverse of handsome," had "a pretty figure, beautiful black hair, and magnificent eyes," and though "without accomplishments" had "a very strong natural turn for plastic art." At any rate she seems to have suited Leigh Hunt admirably. The *Examiner* soon became ill-noted with government, but it was not till the end of 1812 that a grip could be got of it. Leigh Hunt's offence is in the ordinary books rather undervalued. That he (or his contributor) called the prince regent, as is commonly said, "a fat Adonis of fifty" (the exact words are "this Adonis in loveliness is a corpulent man of fifty"), may have been the chief sting, but was certainly not the chief legal offence. Leigh Hunt called the ruler of his country "a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of demireps, a man who had just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country or the respect of posterity." It might be true or it might be false; but certainly there was then not a country in Europe where it would have been allowed

to be said of the chief of the State. And I am not sure that it could be said now anywhere but in Ireland, where considerably worse things were said with impunity of Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan. At any rate the brothers were prosecuted and fined five hundred pounds each, with two years' imprisonment. The sentence was carried out; but Leigh Hunt's imprisonment in Horsemonger Lane Gaol was the merest farce of incarceration. He could not indeed go beyond the prison walls. But he had a comfortable suite of rooms which he was permitted to furnish and decorate just as he liked; he was allowed to have his wife and family with him; he had a tiny garden of his own, and free access to that of the prison; he was allowed endless visitors, who brought him presents just as they chose; and he became a kind of fashion with the opposition. Jeremy Bentham came and played at battledore and shuttlecock with him — an almost appalling idea, for it will not do to trust too implicitly to Leigh Hunt's declaration that Jeremy's object was to suggest "an improvement in the constitution of shuttlecocks." The *Examiner* itself continued undisturbed, and except the "I can't get out" feeling, which even of itself cannot be compared for one moment to that of a modern prisoner condemned to his cell and the exercising-ground, it is rather difficult to see much reason for Leigh Hunt's complaints. The imprisonment may have affected his health, but it certainly brought him troops of friends, and gave him leisure to do not only his journalist's work but things much more serious. Here he wrote and published his first poem since the "Juvenilia," "A Feast of the Poets" (not much of a thing), and here he wrote, though he did not publish it till his liberation, "The Story of Rimini," by far his most important poem, both for intrinsic character and for influence on others. He had known Lamb from boyhood, and Shelley some years; he now made the acquaintance of Keats, Hazlitt, and Byron.

In the next five years after his liberation he did a great deal of work, the best by far (as I have the pleasure of agreeing with Mr. Kent) being the periodical called the *Indicator*, a weekly paper which ran for sixty-six numbers. The *Indicator* was the first thing that I ever read of Hunt's and, by no means for that reason only, I think it the best. Its buttonholing papers, of a kind since widely imitated, were the most popular; but there are romantic things in it, such as "The Daugh-

ter of Hippocrates," which seem to me better. It was at the end of these five years that Leigh Hunt resolved upon the second adventure (his imprisonment being the first and involuntary) of his otherwise easy-going life — an adventure the immediate consequences of which were unfortunate in many ways, but which supplied him with a good deal of literary material. This was his visit to Italy as a kind of literary *attaché* to Lord Byron and editor of a quarterly magazine, the *Liberal*. The idea was Shelley's, and if Shelley had lived it might not have resulted quite so disastrously, for Shelley was absolutely untiring as a helper of lame dogs over stiles. As it was, the excursion distinctly contradicted the saying (condemned by some as immoral) that a bad beginning makes a good ending. The Hunt family, which now included several children, embarked, in November of all months in the year, on a small sailing-ship for Italy. They were something like a month getting down the Channel in tremendous weather, and at last when their ship had to turn tail from near Scilly and run into Dartmouth, Hunt, whose wife was extremely ill of lung-disease, made up his mind to stay for the winter in Devonshire. He passed the time pleasantly enough at Plymouth, which they left once more in May, 1822, reaching Leghorn at the end of June. Shelley's death happened within ten days of their arrival, and Byron and Leigh Hunt were left to get on together. How badly they got on is pretty generally known, might have been foreseen from the beginning, and is not very profitable to dwell on. Leigh Hunt's mixture of familiarity and "airs" could not have been worse mixed to suit the taste of Byron. The "noble poet" too was not a person who liked to be spunged upon; and his coolest admirers may sympathize with his disgust when he found that he had upon his hands a man of letters with a large family whom he was literally expected to keep, whose society was disagreeable to him, who lampooned his friends (for Leigh Hunt, somewhat on Lamb's system of compensation for coming late by going away early, combined his readiness to receive favors with a practice of not acknowledging the slightest obligation for them), and who differed from him on every point of taste. Byron's departure for Greece was in its way lucky, but it left Leigh Hunt stranded. He remained in Italy for rather more than three years and then returned home across the Continent. The *Liberal*, which contains work of his,

of Byron's, of Shelley's, and of Hazlitt's, is interesting enough and worth buying in its original form, but it did not pay. Of the unlucky book on his relations with Byron which followed — the worst act by far of his life — I shall not say much. No one has attempted to defend it, and he himself apologizes for it frankly and fully in his "Autobiography." It is impossible, however, not to remark that the offence was much aggravated by its deliberate character. For the book was not published in the heat of the moment, but three years after Hunt's return to England and four after Byron's death.

The remaining thirty years of Hunt's life were wholly literary. As for residences, he hovered about London, living successively at Highgate, Epsom, Brompton, Chelsea, Kensington, and divers other places. At Chelsea he was very intimate with the Carlyles, and, while he was perhaps of all living men of letters most leniently judged by those not particularly lenient judges, we have nowhere such vivid glimpses of Hunt's peculiar weaknesses as in the memoirs of Carlyle and his wife. Why Leigh Hunt was always in such difficulties it is impossible to say, for he was the reverse of an idle man; he seems, though thriftless, to have been by no means very sumptuous in his way of living; everybody helped him, and his writing was always popular. He appears to have felt not a little sore that "nothing was done for him" when his political friends came into power after the Reform Bill — and remained there for almost the whole of the rest of his life. He had certainly in some senses borne the burden and heat of the day for Liberalism. But he was one of those reckless people who, without meaning to offend anybody in particular, offend friends as well as foes; the days of sinecures were even then passing or passed; and it is very difficult to conceive any office, even with the lightest duties, in which Leigh Hunt would not have come to grief. As for his writing, his son's earnest plea as to his not being an idle man is no doubt true enough, but he never seems to have reconciled himself to the regular drudgery of miscellaneous article-writing for newspapers which is almost the only kind of journalism that really pays, and his books did not sell very largely. In his latter days however things became easier for him. The unflinching kindness of the Shelley family gave him (in 1844 when Sir Percy Shelley came into his property) a regular annuity of £120; two royal gifts

of £200 each and in 1847 a pension of the same amount were added; and two benefit nights of Dickens's famous amateur company brought him in something like a cool thousand, as Dickens himself would have said. Of his last years Mr. Kent, who was intimate with him, gives much the pleasantest account known to me. He died on August 28th, 1859, surviving his wife only two years.

I can imagine some one, at the name of Dickens in the preceding paragraph, thinking or saying that if the author of "Bleak House" raised a thousand pounds for his old friend he took the value of it and infinitely more out of him. It is impossible to shirk the Skimpole affair in any really critical notice of Leigh Hunt. To put unpleasant things briefly, that famous character was at once recognized by every one as, to say the least, a brilliant if unkindly caricature of what an enemy might have said of the author of "Rimini." Thornton Hunt, the eldest of Leigh Hunt's children, and a writer of no small power, took the matter up and forced from Dickens a contradiction, or disavowal, which I am afraid the recording angel must have had some little difficulty with. Strangely enough the last words of Macaulay's that we have concern this affair; and they may be quoted as Sir George Trevelyan gives them, written by his uncle in those days at Holly Lodge when the shadow of death was heavy on him.

December 23, 1859. An odd declaration by Dickens that he did not mean Leigh Hunt by Harold Skimpole. Yet he owns that he took the light externals of the character from Leigh Hunt, and surely it is by those light externals that the bulk of mankind will always recognize character. Besides, it is to be observed that the vices of H. S. are vices to which L. H. had, to say the least, some little leaning, and which the world generally attributed to him most unsparingly. That he had loose notions of *meum* and *tuum*; that he had no high feeling of independence; that he had no sense of obligation; that he took money wherever he could get it; that he felt no gratitude for it; that he was just as ready to defame a person who had relieved his distress as a person who had refused him relief — these were things which, as Dickens must have known, were said, truly or falsely, about L. H., and had made a deep impression on the public mind.

Now Macaulay has not always been leniently judged; but I do not think that, with the single exception of Croker's case, he can be accused of having borne hardly on the moral character of any one of his con-

temporaries. He had befriended Leigh Hunt in every way: he had got him into the *Edinburgh*; he had lent (that is to say given) him money freely, and I do not think that his fiercest enemy can seriously think that he bore Hunt a grudge for having told him, as he himself records, that the "Lays" were not so good as Spenser, whom Macaulay in one of the rare lapses of his memory had unjustly blasphemed, and whom Leigh Hunt adored. To my mind, if there were any doubt about Dickens's intention, or about the fitting in a certain sense of the cap, this testimony of Macaulay's would settle it. But I cannot conceive any doubt remaining in the mind of any person who has read Leigh Hunt's works, who has even read the "Autobiography." Of the grossest faults in Skimpole's character, such as the selling of Jo's secret, Leigh Hunt was indeed incapable, and the insertion of these is at once a blot on Dickens's memory, and a kind of excuse for his disclaimer; but as regards the lighter touches the likeness is unmistakable. Skimpole's most elaborate jests about pounds are hardly an exaggeration of the man who gravely and more than once tells us that his difficulties and irregularities with money came from a congenital incapacity to appreciate arithmetic, and who admits that Shelley (whose affairs he knew very well) once gave him no less than fourteen hundred pounds (that is to say some eighteen months of Shelley's income at his wealthiest) to clear him, and that he was not cleared, though apparently he gave Shelley to understand that he was.

There are many excuses for him which Skimpole had not. His own pleas of tropical blood and so forth will not greatly avail. But the old patron theory and its more subtle transformation (the influence of which is sometimes shown even by Thackeray in the act of denouncing it), that the State, or the public, or somebody, is bound to look after your man of genius, had bitten deep into the being of the literary man of our grandfathers' time. Anybody who has read a very interesting book published the other day, "Thomas Poole and his Friends," must have seen how not merely Coleridge, of whose known liability to the weakness the book furnishes new proofs, but even to some extent and vicariously the austere Wordsworth, cherished the idea. But for the most part men kept it to themselves. Leigh Hunt never could keep anything to himself, and he has left record on record of the easy manner in which he acted on his belief.

For this I own to care little, especially since he never borrowed money of me. There is a statute of limitations for all such things in letters as well as in law. What is much harder to forgive is the ill-bred pertness, often if not always innocent enough in intention, but rather the worse than the better for that, which mars so much of his actual literary work. When almost an old man he wrote — when a very old man he quotes, with childlike surprise that any one should see anything objectionable in them — the following lines: —

Perhaps you have known what it is to feel longings,
To pat buxom shoulders at routs and mad throngings —

Well — think what it was at a vision like that!
A grace after dinner! a Venus grown fat!

It would be almost unbelievable of any man but Leigh Hunt that he placidly remarks in reference to this impertinence that "he had not the pleasure of Lady Blessington's acquaintance," as if that did not make things ten times worse. He had laid the foundation of not a few of the literary enmities he suffered from by writing, thirty years earlier, "A Feast of the Poets," on the pattern of Suckling, in which he took, though much more excusably, the same kind of ill-bred liberties; and similar things abound in his works. It is scarcely surprising that the good Macvey Napier (rather awkwardly, and giving Macaulay much trouble to patch things up) should have said that he would like a "gentleman-like" article from Mr. Hunt for the *Edinburgh*; and the taunt of the "cockney school" undoubtedly derived its venom from this weakness of his. Lamb was not descended from the kings that long the Tuscan sceptre swayed, and had some homely ways; Keats had to do with livery-stables, Hazlitt with shady lodging-houses and lodging-house keepers. But Keats might have been, whatever his weaknesses, his own and Spenser's Sir Calidore for gentle feeling and conduct; the man who called Lamb vulgar would only prove his own vulgarity; and Hazlitt, though he had some darker stains on his character than any that rest on Hunt, was far too potent a spirit for the fire within him not to burn out mere vulgarity. Leigh Hunt, I fear, must be allowed to be now and then merely vulgar — a Pogson of talent, of genius, of immense amiability, of rather hard luck, but still of the Pogsons, Pogsonic.

As I shall have plenty of good to say of him, I may as well despatch at once what-

ever else I have to say that is bad, which is little. The faults of taste which have just been noticed passed easily into occasional, though only occasional, faults of criticism. I do not recommend anybody who has not the faculty of critical adjustment, and who wants to like Leigh Hunt, to read his essay on Dante in the "Italian Poets." For flashes of crass insensibility to great poetry it is difficult to match anywhere, and impossible to match in Leigh Hunt. His favorite theological doctrine, like that of Béranger's hero, was, *Ne damnes personne*. He did not like monarchy, and he did not understand metaphysics. So the great poet, who, more than any other great poet except Shakespeare, grows on those who read him, receives from Leigh Hunt not an honest confession, like Sir Walter's, that he does not like him, which is perhaps the first honest impression of the majority of Dante's readers, but tirade upon tirade of abuse and bad criticism. Further Leigh Hunt's unfortunate necessity of preserving his own journalism has made him keep a thousand things that he ought to have left to the kindly shade of the newspaper files — a cemetery where, thank Heaven, the tombs are not open as in the other city of Dis. The book called "Table Talk," for instance, contains, with a little better matter, chiefly mere rubbish like this section:

BEAUMARCHAIS.

Beaumarchais, author of the celebrated comedy of "Figaro," an abridgment of which has been rendered more famous by the music of Mozart, made a large fortune by supplying the American republicans with arms and ammunition, and lost it by speculations in salt and printing. His comedy is one of those productions which are accounted dangerous, from developing the spirit of intrigue and gallantry with more gaiety than objection; and they would be more unanimously so, if the good humor and self-examination to which they excite did not suggest a spirit of charity and inquiry beyond themselves.

Leigh Hunt tried almost every conceivable kind of literature, including a historical novel, "Sir Ralph Esher," several dramas (one or two of which, "The Legend of Florence" being the chief, got acted), and at nearly the beginning and nearly the end of his career two religious works, or works on religion, an attack on Methodism and "The Religion of the Heart." All this we may not unkindly brush away, and consider him first as a poet, secondly as a critic, and thirdly as what can be best, though rather unphilosophically, called a miscellanist.

Few good judges nowadays, I think, would deny that Leigh Hunt had a certain faculty for poetry, and fewer still would rank it very high. To something like but less than the tunelessness of Moore, he joined a very much better taste in models and an infinitely wider and deeper study of them. There is no doubt that his versification in "Rimini" (which may be described as Chaucerian in basis with a strong admixture of Dryden, further crossed and dashed slightly with the peculiar music of the followers of Spenser, especially Browne and Wither) had a very strong influence both on Keats and on Shelley, and that it drew from them music much better than itself. This fluent, musical, many-colored verse was a capital medium for tale-telling, and Leigh Hunt is always at his best when he employs it. The more varied measures and the more ambitious aim of "Captain Sword and Captain Pen" seem to me very much less successful. Not only was Leigh Hunt far from strong enough for a serious argument, but the cheery, sentimental optimism of which he was one of the most persevering exponents — the kind of thing which vehemently protests that in the good time coming nobody shall be damned, or starved, or put in prison, or subjected to the perils of villanous saltpetre, or prevented from doing just what he likes, and that all existence ought to be and shortly will be a vaguely refined beer and skittles — did not lend itself very well to verse. Nor are Hunt's lyrics particularly strong. His best thing by far is the charming trifle (the heroine being, it seems, Mrs. Carlyle) which he called a "rondeau," though it is not one.

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in:
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old — but add,
Jenny kissed me.

Even here it may be noticed that though the last four lines could hardly be bettered, the second couplet is rather weak. Some of Leigh Hunt's sonnets, especially that which he wrote on the Nile in rivalry with Shelley and Keats, are very good.

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its
sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a
dream;
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands:
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands

That roamed through the young earth, the
glory extreme
Of high Sesostriis, and that southern beam,
*The laughing queen that caught the world's
great hands.*

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and
strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we
wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

This was written in 1818, and I think it
will be admitted that the italicised line is
a rediscovery of a cadence which had
been lost for centuries, and which has been
constantly borrowed and imitated since.

Every now and then he had touches of
something much above his usual style, as
in the concluding lines of the whimsical
"flying," as the Scotch poets of the fif-
teenth century would have called it, be-
tween the man and the fish :—

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves
and graves,
Boundless in hope, honored with pangs
austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves;
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet
clear,
A cold, sweet, silver life, wrapped in round
waves,
Quickened with touches of transporting
fear.

As a rule, however, his poetry has little
or nothing of this kind, and he will hold
his place in the English *corpus poetarum*,
first, because he was an associate of bet-
ter poets than himself; secondly, because
he invented a medium for the poetic tale
which was as poetical as Crabbe's was
prosaic; thirdly, because of all persons
perhaps who have ever attempted English
verse on their own account, he had the
most genuine affection for, and the most
intimate and extensive acquaintance with,
the triumphs of his predecessors in po-
etry. Of prose he was a much less trust-
worthy judge, as may be instanced once
for all by his pronouncing Gibbon's style
to be bad; but of poetry he could tell with
an extraordinary mixture of sympathy and
discretion. And this will introduce us to
his second faculty, the faculty of literary
criticism, in which he is, with all his draw-
backs, on a level with Coleridge, with
Lamb, and with Hazlitt, his defects as
compared with them being in each case
made up by compensatory, or more than
compensatory, merits.

How considerable a critic Leigh Hunt

was, may be judged from the fact that he
himself confesses the great critical fault
of his principal poem—the selection for
amplification and paraphrase of a subject
which has once for all been treated with
imperial and immortal brevity by a great
poet. With equal ingenuousness and
equal truth he further confesses that, at
the time, he not only did not see this fault
but was critically incapable of seeing it.
For there is that one comfort about this
discomfortable and discredited art of ours,
that age at any rate does not impair it.
The first sprightly runnings of criticism
are never the best; and in the case of all
really great critics, from Dryden to Sainte-
Beuve, the critical faculty has gone on
constantly increasing. The chief exam-
ples of Leigh Hunt's critical accomplish-
ment are to be found in the two books
called respectively "Wit and Humor" and
"Imagination and Fancy," both being
selections from the English poets, with
critical remarks interspersed as a sort of
running commentary. But hardly any
book of his is quite barren of such exam-
ples; for he neither would, nor indeed
apparently could, restrain his desultory
fancy from this as from other indulgences.
His criticism is very distinct in kind. It
is almost purely and in the strict and
proper sense æsthetic—that is to say, it
does hardly anything but reproduce the
sensations produced upon Hunt himself
by the reading of his favorite passages.
As his sense of poetry was extraordinarily
keen and accurate, there is perhaps no
body of "beauties" of English poetry to
be found anywhere in the language which
is selected with such uniform and unerring
judgment as this or these. Even Lamb,
in his own favorite subjects and authors,
misses treasure-trove which Leigh Hunt
unfailingly discovers, as in the now pretty
generally acknowledged case of the char-
acter of De Flores in Middleton's
"Changeling." And Lamb had a much
less wide and a much more crotchety sys-
tem of admissions and exclusions. Mac-
caulay was perfectly right in fixing, at the
beginning of his essay on the dramatists
of the Restoration, upon this catholicity of
Hunt's taste as the main merit in it; and
it is really a great pity that the two vol-
umes referred to were not, as they were
intended to be, followed up by others
respectively devoted to action and pas-
sion, contemplation and song. But Leigh
Hunt was sixty when he planned them,
and age, infirmity, perhaps also the less
pressing need which the comparative afflu-
ence of his later years brought, prevented

the completion. It has also to be remarked that Hunt is much better as a taster than as a professor or expounder. He says indeed many happy things about his favorite passages, but they evidently represent rather afterthought than forethought. He is not good at generalities, and when he tries them is apt, instead of flying (as an Ariel of criticism should do,) to sprawl. Yet it was impossible for a man who was so almost invariably right in particulars to go very wrong in general; and the worst that can be said of Leigh Hunt's general critical axioms and conclusions is that they are much better than the reasons that support them. For instance, he is probably right in calling the famous "intellectual" and "henpecked you all" in "Don Juan," "the happiest triple rhyme ever written." But when he goes on to say that "the sweepingness of the assumption completes the flowing breadth of the effect," he goes very near to talking nonsense. For most people, however, a true opinion persuasively stated is of much more consequence than the most elaborate logical justification of it; and it is this that makes Leigh Hunt's criticism such excellent good reading. It is impossible not to feel that when a guide (which after all a critic should be) is recommended with cautions that, though an invaluable fellow for the most part, he is not unlikely in certain places to lead the traveller over a precipice, it is a very dubious kind of recommendation. Yet this is the way in which one has to speak of Jeffrey and Hazlitt, of Wilson and De Quincey, perhaps even of Mr. Matthew Arnold. Of Leigh Hunt it need hardly ever be said; for in the unlucky diatribes on Dante above cited the most unwary reader can see that his author has lost his temper and with it his head. As a rule he avoids the things that he is not qualified to judge, such as the rougher and sublimer parts of poetry. Of its sweetness and its music, of its grace and its wit, of its tenderness and its fancy, no better judge ever existed than Leigh Hunt. He jumped at such things, when he came near them, almost as involuntarily as a needle to a magnet.

He was, however, perhaps most popular in his own time, and certainly he gained most of the not excessive share of pecuniary profit which fell to his lot, as what I have called a miscellanist. One of the things which have not yet been sufficiently done in the criticism of English literary history is a careful review of the successive steps by which the periodical essay

of Addison and his followers during the eighteenth century passed into the magazine-paper of our own days. The later examples of the eighteenth century, the "Observers" and "Connoisseurs," the "Loungers," and "Mirrors," and "Lookers-On," are fairly well worth reading in themselves, especially as the little volumes of the "British Essayists" go capitolally in a travelling-bag; but the gap between them and the productions of Leigh Hunt, of Lamb, and of the Blackwood men, with Praed's schoolboy attempts not left out, is a very considerable one. Leigh Hunt is himself entitled to a high place in the new school so far as mere priority goes, and to one not low in actual merit. He relates himself, more than once, with the childishness which is the good side of his Skimpolism, how not merely his literary friends but persons of quality had special favorites among the miscellaneous papers of the *Indicator*, like (he would certainly have used the parallel himself if he had known it or thought of it) the court of France with Marot's Psalms. This miscellaneous work of his extended, as it ought to do, to all manner of subjects. The pleasantest example to my fancy is the book called "The Town," a gossiping description of London from St. Paul's to St. James's, which he afterwards followed up with books on the West End and Kensington, and which, though of course second-hand as to its facts, is by no means uncritical, and by far the best reading of any book of its kind. Even the "Autobiography" might take rank in this class; and the same kind of stuff made up the staple of the numerous periodicals which Leigh Hunt edited or wrote, and of the still more numerous books which he compounded out of the dead periodicals. It may be that a severe criticism will declare that here as well as elsewhere he was more original than accomplished; and that his way of treating subjects was pursued with better success by his imitators than by himself. Such a paper, for instance, as "On Beds and Bedrooms," suggests (and is dwarfed by the suggestion) Lamb's "Convalescent" and other similar work. "Jack Abbott's Breakfast," which is, or was, exceedingly popular with Hunt's admirers, is an account of the misfortunes of a luckless young man who goes to breakfast with an absent-minded pedagogue, and, being turned away empty, orders successive refreshments at different coffee-houses, each of which proves a feast of Tantalus. The idea is not bad; but the carrying out

suits the stage better than the study, and is certainly far below such things as Maginn's adventures of Jack Ginger and his friends, with the tale that Humphries did not tell Harlow. "A Few Remarks on the Rare Vice called Lying" is a most promising title; he must be a very good-natured judge who finds appended to it a performing article. "The Old Lady" and "The Old Gentleman" were once great favorites; they seem to have been studied from Earle's "Microcosmography," not the least excellent of the books that have proceeded from foster-children of Walter de Merton, but they are over-labored in particulars; so too are "The Adventures of Carfington Blundell," and "Inside of an Omnibus." Leigh Hunt's humor is so devoid of bitterness that it sometimes becomes insipid; his narrative so fluent and gossiping that it sometimes becomes insignificant. His enemies called him immoral, which appears to have been a gross calumny so far as his private life was concerned, and is certainly a gross exaggeration as regards his writing; but he was rather too much given to dallying about voluptuous subjects with a sort of chuckling epicene triviality. He is so far from being passionate that he sometimes becomes almost offensive. He is terribly apt to labor a conceit or a prettiness till it becomes vapid; and his "Criticism on Female Beauty," though it contains some extremely sensible remarks, also contains much which is suggestive of Mr. Tupman. Yet his miscellaneous writing has one great merit, besides its gentle playfulness and its untiring variety, which might procure pardon for worse faults. With no one perhaps are those literary memories which transform and vivify life so constantly present as with Leigh Hunt. Although the world was a perfectly real thing to him, and not by any means seen only through the windows of a library, he took everywhere with him the remembrances of what he had read, and they helped him to clothe and color what he saw and what he wrote. Between him, therefore, and readers who themselves have read a good deal, and loved what they have read not a little, there is always something in common; and yet probably no bookish writer has been less resented by his unbookish readers as a thruster of the abominable things — superior knowledge and superior scholarship — upon them. Some vices of the (I fear I must say it) snob Leigh Hunt undoubtedly had, but he was never in the least a pretentious snob. He quotes his books not in the

spirit of a man who is looking down on his fellows from a proper elevation, but in the spirit of a kindly host who is anxious that his guests should enjoy the good things on his table.

It is this sincere and unostentatious love of letters and anxiety to spread the love of letters, that is the redeeming point of Leigh Hunt throughout; he is saved *quia multum amavit*. It is this which prompted that rather grandiose but still admirable palinode of Christopher North, in August, 1834, — "The Animosities are mortal; but the Humanities live forever," — an apology which naturally enough pleased Hunt very much. He is one of those persons with whom it is impossible to be angry, or at least to be angry long. "The bailiff who took him was fond of him," it is recorded of Captain Costigan; and in milder moments the same may be said of the critical bailiffs who are compelled to "take" Leigh Hunt in his letters and in life. Even in his least happy books (such as the "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," where all sorts of matter, some of it by no means well known to the writer, have been hastily cobbled together) this love, and for the most part intelligent and animated love, for literature appears. If in another of his least happy attempts, the critical parts of the already mentioned "Stories from the Italian Poets," he is miles below the great argument of Dante, and if he is even guilty to some extent of vulgarizing the lesser but still great poets with whom he deals, he never comes even in Dante to any passage he can understand without exhibiting such a warmth of enthusiasm and enjoyment that it softens the stoniest readers. He can gravely call Dante's Hell "geologically speaking a most fantastical formation" (which it certainly is), and joke clumsily about the poet's putting Cunizza and Rahab in Paradise. He can write in the true spirit of vulgarizing, that "the Florentine is thought to have been less strict in his conduct in regard to the sex than might be supposed from his platonical aspirations," heedless of the great confessions implied in the swoon at Francesca's story, and the passage through the fire at the end of the seventh circle of Purgatory. But when he comes to things like "Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro," and "Era già l'ora," it is hardly possible to do more justice to the subject. The whole description of his Italian sojourn in the "Autobiography" is an example of the best kind of such writing. Of all the people again who have rejoiced in Samuel Pepys, Leigh

Hunt "does it most natural," being indeed a kind of nineteenth-century Pepys himself, whom the gods had made less comfortable in worldly circumstances and no man of business, but to whom as a compensation they had given the feeling for poetry which Samuel lacked. At different times Dryden, Spenser, and Chaucer were respectively his favorite English poets; and as there was nothing faithless in his inconstancy, he took up his new loves without ceasing to love the old. It is perhaps rather more surprising that he should have liked Spenser than that he should have liked the other two; and we must suppose that the profusion of beautiful pictures in "The Faerie Queene" enabled him, not to appreciate (for he never could have done that), but to tolerate or pass over the deep melancholy and the occasional philosophizings of the poet. But the attraction of Dryden and Chaucer for him is very easily understood. Both are eminently cheerful poets, Dryden with the cheerfulness born of manly sense, Chaucer with that of youth and abounding animal spirits. Leigh Hunt seems to have found this cheerfulness as akin to his own, as the vigor of both was complementary and satisfactory to his own, I shall not say weakness but fragility. Add yet again to this that Hunt seems — a thing very rarely to be said of critics — never to have disliked a thing merely because he could not understand it. If he sometimes abused Dante, it was not merely because he could not understand him, though he certainly could not, but because Dante trod (and when Dante treads he treads heavily) on his most cherished prejudices. Now he had not very many prejudices, and so he had an advantage here also.

Lastly, as he may be read with pleasure, he may be skipped without shame. There are some writers whom to skip may seem to a conscientious devotee of letters both wicked and unwise — wicked because it is disrespectful to them, unwise because it is quite likely to inflict loss on the reader. Now nobody can ever think of respecting Leigh Hunt; he is not unfrequently amiable, but never in the least venerable. Even at his best he seldom or never affects the reader with admiration, only with a mild pleasure. It is at once a penalty for his sins and a compliment to his good qualities, that to make any kind of fuss over him would be absurd. Nor is there any selfish risk run by treating him in the literary sense in an unceremonious manner. His stories, when they are

stories, move from pillar to post only; his criticisms have hardly any thread of argument, and rarely attempt to illustrate, still more rarely succeed in illustrating, any connected set of propositions. His miscellaneous writing of all kinds carries desultoriness to the height, and may be begun at the beginning, or at the end, or in the middle, and left off at any place without the least risk of serious loss. He is excellent good company for half an hour, sometimes for much longer; but the reader rarely thinks very much of what he has said when the interview is over, and never experiences any violent hunger or thirst for its renewal, though such renewal is agreeable enough in its way. Such an author is a convenient possession on the shelves; a possession so convenient that occasionally a blush of shame may suggest itself at the thought that he should be treated so cavalierly. But this is quixotic. The very best things that he has done hardly deserve more respectful treatment, for they are little more than a faithful and fairly lively description of his own enjoyments; the worst things deserve treatment much less respectful. Yet let us not leave him with a harsh word; for, as has been said, he loved the good literature of others very much, and he wrote not a little that was good literature of his own.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From Time.

IN NINETY-EIGHT.

WHO dares to talk of ninety-eight? It is an old number of the *Times* newspaper, bearing date "Wednesday, October 3, 1798," which has, by good luck, floated down the tide of time for these ninety years. It is a poor, frail little thing, yellow with age, crumpled and creased, a pigmy by the side of its sturdy great-grandchild of to-day. Nevertheless, it is priced at the same rate — threepence. But the news it contains justifies a far higher demand, for, in addition to despatches from the battle-field in Ireland, where open rebellion was being grappled with, it contains the text of Nelson's simple announcement of the glorious victory of the Nile. It is actually a single sheet, which, folded in two, measures twenty inches by fifteen. It bears the imprint: "London, printed at the Printing Office in Printing House Square, Blackfriars, by C. Bell (Brunswick Street), and published by J. Bonsor (Salisbury Square)." There is no

reference to the mighty personality that was already at work upon the *Times*.

The first John Walter was at this epoch at liberty, having been released some eight years earlier from a term of imprisonment that lasted sixteen months, with a supplementary fine of £50, and a position in the pillory for one hour. This was for a libel on the Duke of York, and probably, in view of fresh contingencies, Mr. Walter thought, on the whole, it was better to keep his name in the background. However it be, it does not appear on this particular sheet.

Of the sixteen columns in the Liliputian sheet, nearly seven are devoted to advertisements, a very fair proportion of necessary backbone. From these we get some side glances at social life ninety years ago, which are not without interest. Theatres do not largely advertise, though that one at least was open appears from the news column, where Mr. Kemble is announced as playing the part of Zanga in "The Revenge." "This gentleman's delineation of the character," writes the Tom Taylor of the day, "is in many respects as finished a piece as our stage affords. The subtle and malignant spirit of vengeance was finely marked from the beginning by a judicious and imposing semblance of friendship and candor. In the descriptive scenes he was clear and impressive, and in the imitation of the leading passion natural and vigorous. The declaration of the motives which influenced him to the work of destruction was accompanied with a dignity of emotion which almost justified the excessive resentment of the Moor." Mr. Dignum, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Sedgewick, Miss Leak, and Mrs. Bland, are named among the *dramatis personæ* on this evening of the 2nd of October, 1798.

Besides the regular drama attractions were offered at the Royal Circus, where "an entirely new comical harlequinade, called 'Mirth's Medley, or Harlequin at Home,' was forthwith to be produced. There was also a panorama in Leicester Square, having paid the admission fee to which "Observers may suppose themselves in the Highest Turret of Windsor Castle, and can see at one view a part of fourteen counties. St. Paul's and Shooter's Hill are plainly discernible with distant lands beyond Sydenham Hills, half-way to Portsmouth." It is cautiously added that "part of Wiltshire is likely to be seen;" but this is not positively promised. "The whole interspersed with Towns and Noblemen and Gentlemen's

Seats forms a delightful scene, rich beyond description." Last, but not least, there was the Ranelagh, which announced a "Grand Gala, in honor of Lord Nelson's glorious victory over the French Fleet, at the Mouth of the Nile."

There is put forth among the business announcements a notable scheme of what is called progressive annuities. Not less than £30,000 are wanted. Each subscriber of £100 was to be granted for life an annuity according to age. From forty-five to fifty the annuity was eight guineas; from sixty-five to seventy £14, increasing five shillings every year for the first twenty years of subscription.

On the Wednesday following the day of publication, the anniversary of Mr. Charles James Fox's first election for Westminster was to be held at the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden; oddly enough with Mr. Fox in the chair. They dined early in those days (at four o'clock) and cheaply, tickets being only eight shillings. Another thing cheap at this epoch was "handsome bay mares." Here is one, "five years old, 14½ hands high, warranted sound, and parted with for no fault whatever; the only reason the Gentleman is gone abroad, and left her in the hands of a friend to dispose of, at the moderate price of 10 Guineas." Not less cheap—if the season was of moderate length, and Mr. Kemble acted every night—are "two or three tickets for free admission to Drury Lane Theatre, for the whole duration of the present season, price 6 Guineas each."

We get a view of old London in the advertisement of "a house to let, situated in the central part of Oxford Street, immediately opposite Great Portland Place, commanding a view of the country between Hampstead and Highgate, remarkably airy and pleasant." These are not attributes of Oxford Street at the present day, when the view from the central part is limited to houses over the way, and the densely populated streets lying behind them up to Hampstead and Highgate.

Further afield the king's highway was by no means safe. Under date July, 1798, the postmaster-general, in an advertisement which had apparently unavailingly dangled a reward of £200 before the public eye for three months, wants "a young man, middle size, had on a drab-colored gray coat, and rode a horse with a white face." It appears that the postboy carrying the mail, from Bromley to Sevenoaks, was stopped about two miles from Farnborough, between the hours of ten

and eleven o'clock, by a single highwayman, who presented a horse-pistol and demanded the mail, which the boy gave him. "The boy offered the robber half-a-guinea," but whether in lieu of the mail, or in supplement, does not appear. At any rate "the robber declined taking it." A reference in the text of the advertisement shows that there is a standing offer by act of Parliament of £40 for apprehending a highwayman. The postmaster-general's £200 is in supplement to this statutory reward. In addition to particulars given above, the highwayman "had a pair of small saddle-bags, and the appearance of a London Rider, in the opinion of the turnpike-man." However that may be, he seems to have been free three months after committing the felony, and the postmaster-general was throwing good money after bad, by persistently advertising for him in the *Times*.

There is, in another advertisement, a hint of a quarrel about the proprietorship of the *Annual Register*. The volume for 1793 is somewhat tardily announced as "this day published, price 8s. in boards, 8s. 6d. half-bd." The work was originally the property of Mr. James Dodsley, and on the 20th November, 1797, was disposed of at his sale, and purchased by Messrs. Otridge & Son. Messrs. Rivington laid claim to having "the principal author and editor of the said *Annual Register* engaged with them." But Messrs. Otridge & Son flaunt in their face the assignment of the work to them, and triumphantly ask: "What will the purchasers of Dodsley's *Annual Register* now conceive of Messrs. Rivington's refutation?"

Of births, deaths, and marriages there is but an aggregate of four announcements. One of them is set forth in truly quaint form: "On the 24th of last month, much regretted, at his house at Hackney Terrace, after a short illness, Mr. John Braidwood, many years an eminent instructor of the Deaf and Dumb, and son-in-law of the gentleman of the same name who first brought this useful art to perfection in Great Britain. The public will be happy to find (see Advertisement in front of this Paper) that an institution so beneficial to an unfortunate part of mankind is to be continued by his Family." It would be interesting to know whether this is precedent to the rhymed version of the same happy mixture of sentiment and business, —

Resigned unto the Heavenly will
His wife keeps on the business still.

There are only four advertisements of servants wanting places. One "a widow of between forty and fifty years of age," who wants a place as upper servant, and mentions enticingly in recommendation that she "was eleven years in her last place, *where her lady died*." There are a considerable proportion of quack medicines advertised. Here are Spilsbury's Anti-Scorbutic Drops, agent for many wonderful cures, including "the remarkable case of Mary Esdale, who went on crutches, and was discharged from St. Bartholomew's Hospital as incurable, was restored to her health by these drops, and walked without even the assistance of a stick." To the verity of this "Mr. Croft, taylor [spelt with a "y," Sammy!], of No. 65 Fleet Street, London," was prepared to testify.

What with despatches from the mouth of the Nile, and news from the headquarters of the forces in Ireland, there is not much room for miscellaneous items. But we read that "Mr. Curran, the Irish barrister, is arrived in town; he resides at Lord Morra's." Mr. Pitt, it seems, "is not confined with the gout at Walmer. We saw him yesterday in the Park, in perfect good health." As for Mr. Fox, we learn that "the Opposition papers state he does not mean to attend to his duty in Parliament during the ensuing Session." But we can get along without Mr. Fox. "However greatly the talents of this gentleman may be rated, the want of his counsel has not proved detrimental to the public prosperity. It would on the contrary appear, from the brilliant successes of the country since his secession that his absence has been auspicious to the promotion of our national honor and glory." There is talk of making a tunnel under the river Thames from the parish of Gravesend to the parish of Tilbury. Application will shortly be made to Parliament for leave to maintain it by toll. Freedom has not yet shrieked for Kosciuszko's fall. He appears in these far-off October days to be "residing in Paris, whence has published a letter intimating that all the Polish refugees are to have an asylum in Italy."

That incident of the appropriated postbag, mentioned on an earlier page, is not an isolated example of the state of the roads. "On Monday evening last between six and seven o'clock, as Mr. Vernon, of the Treasury, and another gentleman were returning to town in a postchaise, they were stopped near Merton Turnpike by two footpads, who robbed

them of their watches, money, and a trunk containing wearing apparel, etc." The same evening Lieutenant Millar of the Royal Horse Guards, was stopped in a postchaise near Stevenage, by two highwaymen, who robbed him of a gold watch and some money. This Monday evening was a busy day with the fraternity, for in another column it is reported that "at six o'clock Mr. Courvoisier, one of his Majesty's Messengers, was stopped by two highwaymen, who robbed him of near £3 in cash." That the highwaymen did not always have it their own way appears from the current report of Bow Street Police Office, where "Brown, Russell, and Shirley were yesterday finally examined and fully committed to take their trial for assaulting and robbing Mary Ginnery on the highway in St. Giles's." Highway robbery was a hanging matter in those days, and Russell and Shirley at least were in a bad way, being detained for trial on a further charge of robbing the house of Mr. Rose, in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, of a quantity of wearing apparel.

The pressgang was in full working order, his Majesty's fleet, busy at the Nile, off Brest, and elsewhere, requiring constant recruits. John Hanning, a seaman surrounded by the pressgang at Newhaven, turned upon them and slew one. "The keeper of the Lewes House of Correction entering his cell, with intent to remove the prisoner to Horsham Jail by the warrant of the Coroner, found him hanging by the neck," a circumstance which provided unexpected work for the coroner. The jury bringing in a verdict of *felo de se*, the unfortunate seaman was in the dead of the night buried in the cross-roads near St. John's Church, "but," it is added, "the stake commonly used on such occasions was dispensed with."

The militia are embodied, and some regiments are on active service in Ireland. The Cambridge Militia, which, under the command of Lord Hardwick, have been all the summer encamped on the cliff at Harwich, on the lookout for Boney or some of his captains, this morning struck their tents and marched to Colchester Barracks. The Derbyshire Militia, encamped on Clapham Common, will also presently be on the move, having received orders to strike their tents and march for Lewes Barracks. Lord Kenyon is presiding in the Court of Common Pleas, and has pleading before him, in a case occupying the attention of the court, one Mr. Erskine. "Among the wonders of the present day," we read, "Mrs. Siddons's

late achievements at Brighton, Bath, and London should not be forgotten. She positively performed at each of these places within the incredibly short space of ninety-six hours!!!" The coruscation of notes of admiration are of contemporary date.

There is one resemblance between the *Times* of 1798 and the *Times* of 1889, inasmuch as with both Ireland occupied a large share of the space devoted to news or editorial comment. This was the year famous in Irish history, when Lord Edward Fitzgerald was still alive, and Napper Tandy was hovering around the coast in command of French troops that never landed. There had, however, at the date of our paper, been a descent of the French, who on the 22nd of August landed at Killala a force of nine hundred strong, and, reinforced by the Irish rebels, had routed the royalist army at Castlebar. Our issue of the *Times* contains despatches from General Trench, in command of the royalist troops, dated "Camp, near Killala, 24th and 25th September." By this time the royalist troops had rallied, beaten and captured the French invaders, and General Trench was occupied in disposing of the dauntless peasantry who still remained under arms. The rebels had taken refuge in Killala, which General Trench stormed, rescuing the bishop and his family, who had been beleaguered in their palace. In the despatch here published, General Trench gives a graphic description of "the Bishop, his family and servants, armed with carbines, barricaded in their room, preparing to resist the threatened violence of the Rebels." The *Times* "has pleasure to add that by the success of General Trench's operations a decisive blow has been given to every root and fibre of rebellion in Ireland."

But the news from Ireland, satisfactory as it was, was eclipsed by the greater glory of the despatch that had just reached the government from the mystic Nile. Mrs. Siddons, as already noted, had amazed the public by visiting Brighton, Bath, and London, within the incredibly short space of ninety-six hours; but this feat was eclipsed by Captain Capel, son of Lord Essex, who had brought to London the news of the battle of the Nile. The engagement began at sunset on the 1st of August. On the 3rd of August, Nelson (he was only Sir Horatio then) sat down to write the despatch reporting the affair. This he addressed to Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of St. Vincent, then understood to be somewhere "off Cadiz."

Four days later, on August 7th, it occurred to Nelson that perhaps the people at home in England might like to hear of the little affair, and accordingly he determined to send Captain Capel overland with a copy of the despatch. He was evidently not sure that he was not herein overstepping his duty, for in addressing the enclosure to the secretary to the Admiralty he writes: "In an event of this importance I have thought it right to send Captain Capel with a copy of my letter overland, which I hope their lordships will approve." Having the precious document in his charge Captain Capel set forth, and travelling, it may be presumed, with the utmost speed then available, reached London in the incredibly short space of fifty-six days! In justice to Captain Capel it ought to be added — upon the authority of an official statement — that "he was detained at Naples one day, owing to some necessary ceremonies of quarantine," otherwise the news would have reached London in fifty-five days.

The despatch in which Nelson made known the accomplishment of this decisive victory is a marvel of modest conciseness. The little sheet of ninety years ago prints it in the dignity of its largest type, and it is a pleasant task to disinter it at this time of day. Here is the text: —

MY LORD, —

Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms in the late battle, by a great victory over the Fleet of the Enemy, whom I attacked at sun-set on the 1st of August, off the mouth of the Nile. The Enemy were moored in a strong line of battle for defending the entrance of the Bay (of Shoals), flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an Island in their Van; but nothing could withstand the Squadron your Lordship did me the honor to place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you, and with the judgment of the Captains, together with their valor, and that of the Officers and Men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible.

Could anything from my pen add to the character of the Captains I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible.

I have to regret the loss of Captain Westcott, of the *Majestic*, who was killed early in the action; but the ship was continued to be so well fought by her First Lieutenant, Mr. Cuthbert, that I have given him an order to command her till your Lordship's pleasure is known.

The ships of the Enemy, all but their two rear ships are nearly dismasted; and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say made their escape; nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most

handsomely endeavored to do it, but I had no ship in a condition to support the *Zealous*, and I was obliged to call her in.

The support and assistance I have received from Captain Berry cannot be sufficiently expressed. I was wounded in the head, and obliged to be carried off the deck, but the service suffered no loss by that event. Captain Berry was fully equal to the important service then going on, and to him I must beg leave to refer you for every information relative to this victory. He will present you with the flag of the second in command, that of the Commander-in-Chief being burnt in the *L'Orient*.

Herewith I transmit you lists of the killed and wounded, and the lines of battle of ourselves and the French.

HORATIO NELSON.

TO ADMIRAL THE EARL OF ST. VINCENT,
Commander-in-Chief
etc., etc., off Cadiz.

In the covering letter to the secretary to the Admiralty Nelson says, "I have the pleasure to inform you that eight of our ships have already topgallant yards across ready for any service." After the Nile was to come Trafalgar and the end.

It is almost impossible for us in these days of telegraphs and war-correspondents to realize a state of things in which one of the greatest battles in the world's history could have been fought almost within sight of Europe, and that nearly two months should elapse before the news reached London. When it did come there were no bounds to the public delight. The first news was conveyed to the crowd in the streets by the booming of the guns from the Tower, and the pealing of bells from a score of churches. At night the city burst forth in a blaze of illumination. Before the Admiralty a vast crowd gathered, and "the mob as usual," we are told, "insisted upon every person of genteel appearance pulling off their hats. Six officers passing along, were ordered to pay the same compliment to the mobility, and refusing to do so the populace endeavored to force their hats off. The officers drew their swords and some persons were wounded." At the theatre, where, as we have seen, Mr. Kemble had been playing *Zanga* in "The Revenge," nothing would do but that the company on the stage should sing "Rule Britannia." This they did, the audience joining in the chorus. Then they shouted for more, "and the acclamations were the loudest and most fervent we have ever witnessed."

The king — George the Third, of sacred memory — was staying at Weymouth, whither a message was sent off express in order that his Majesty might learn the glad tidings before he went to rest. The

messenger, it is reasonable to suppose, found his Majesty sated with the excitement of celebrations which had taken place a day or two earlier. "The anniversary of the birth of their Majesties' eldest daughter, the Duchess of Wurtembergh, had just hapt, and the King, the Queen, and all the Princesses with a number of the Nobility went to Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, to see the sports of the Country-people which were not over till late in the afternoon." These sports were as manly as they were varied. There was a cheese to be rolled down the hill, with a prize to whoever stops it. A pound of tobacco to be grinned for. There was a Michaelmas-day goose to be dived for; a good hat to be cudgelled for; a handsome hat for the boy most expert in catching a roll dipped in treacle and suspended by a string. There was a leg of mutton and a gallon of porter to the winner of a race of one hundred yards, in sacks. There was a good hat to be wrestled for; and, appropriately at the end, a prize to whoever caught a harried pig by the tail. How the king, the queen, and all the princesses with a number of the nobility, must have laughed to see such fun! After this probably the news of Nelson's victory at the Nile fell a little flat on royal ears. There is unfortunately no record of the manner in which the king received the news — the paper leaving Mr. Winchester starting off express for Weymouth.

In another part of the paper there is a single line which will bring the state of the country sharply before the mind's eye. Under the head "Price of Stocks" we find it written "Three Per Cent. Consols, 50 $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$." To-day, after conversion into two-and-three-quarter per cents., they stand at ninety-eight.

HENRY W. LUCY.

From Longman's Magazine.

FATHER DAMIEN AND THE LEPERS.

PERHAPS no spot on the face of the earth can equal, for concentrated misery and hopeless horror, a little village settlement in the Pacific island of Molokai. Here dwell, in total isolation from the world outside them, and forbidden by fate ever to escape, even in hope, from the "land of precipices" which is their living grave, some hundreds of men, women, and even quite young children, doomed creatures, whose life from day to day is a living death. The law of their country

has driven them into isolation, has forced them to leave their happier friends forever, and to live — some of them perhaps for scores of years — a life the wretchedness of which will end only with life itself. Of all the sad sights under the sun, surely none can be sadder than that presented by this miserable community of hopeless outcasts.

The Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands are cursed with the plague of leprosy. At what date the pestilence made its first appearance there, and in what way it was introduced, are matters of dispute with which we are not here concerned. The fact remains that by the year 1865 the disease had taken so terribly firm a hold on the people, and was producing such appalling results, that the government was driven to take energetic measures of precaution. The islanders themselves were quite careless and indifferent in presence of the calamity that was relentlessly destroying them. Though leprosy is contagious, it is not very quickly so, and the reckless natives felt no fear of it. The lepers lived in the houses of their friends, eating from the same dish, smoking the same pipe, sleeping on the same mat. The sound and the sick would even wear one another's clothes. It was only too evident that such a people as this must be protected in spite of themselves, and that the only way of checking the ravages of a disease which was practically incurable was to isolate the sufferers from those whose blood was yet untainted. And so, when in 1865 the Hawaiian Legislature had passed the necessary act, a leper settlement was established in the island of Molokai, to which, without any exception whatever, all the lepers of the islands were to be sent.

This well-meant law was very unpopular and was largely evaded. Hundreds of lepers remained scattered through the islands, protected and hidden by their friends. But when a new king came to the throne in 1873 the authorities showed greatly increased vigilance. The natives continued their not altogether blame-worthy opposition, hiding their friends in forests and in caves; for they trembled at the very name of Molokai, knowing that those who once were landed on that island would never return. But the yearly search made by the government officials was now too strict to be easily resisted. Between 1866 and 1885 more than three thousand lepers were sent to Molokai, of whom more than two thousand have died. No distinction of persons was made; the

royal family itself was not exempt; Queen Emma's own cousin had to go. Europeans who showed the taint shared the fate of the native islanders. Among these was a very well-known half-white, an educated man, a lawyer eloquent in English and in Hawaiian, who, wishing to set an example of obedience to the law, voluntarily surrendered himself to the authorities, though, as the signs of the disease were in his case hardly to be detected, he might easily, for a time at least, have been free from all suspicion. It happened that Miss Bird, on one of her visits to Hawaii, was a witness of the departure of a band of lepers, among whom this half-white was prominent:—

He was riding about all this morning, taking leave of people, and of the pleasant Hilo lanes, which he will never see again, and just as the steamer was weighing anchor walked down to the shore as carefully dressed as usual . . . and escorted by nearly the whole native population. On my first landing here [Hilo], the glee club, singing and flower-clad, went out to meet him; now tears and sobs accompanied him, and his countrymen and women clung to him, kissing him to the last moment, whilst all the foreigners shook hands as they offered him their good wishes. He made a short speech in native, urging quiet submission to the stringent measures which Government is taking in order to stamp out leprosy, and then said a few words in English. His last words, as he stepped into the boat, were to all: "Aloha, may God bless you, my brothers," and then the whale-boat took him the first stage towards his living grave. He took a horse, a Bible, and some legal books with him, and doubtless, in consideration of the prominent positions he has filled, specially that of interpreter to the Legislature, unusual indulgence will be granted to him.

Of the twelve Hawaiian Islands, eight are inhabited, and Molokai, an island seldom visited by travellers, is one of the smallest of these, being some thirty-five or forty miles long, and only seven miles wide in its widest part. Along the north shore of the island stretches a wide, grassy plain, forming a peninsula projecting from the main body of the island; and behind this plain rises a precipitous, almost perpendicular wall of crags from two to three thousand feet in height. This line of inland mountain cliffs, a practically impassable barrier extending from east to west, cuts off the northern part of the little island from any contact with the remainder, and makes all approach to it impossible except by sea. On this pleasant, sunny, grassy site of some six thousand acres of very fertile soil, imprisoned

between the mountain wall and the sea, stands the settlement assigned to the Hawaiian lepers. There are two villages, two or three miles apart. On the eastern side, at the base of the mountains, is the village Kalawao, and in corresponding situation on the western side the village Kalaupapa. This western village is the port, and—though there is access to the shore at the extreme eastern point of Kalawao—is practically the island's sole means of communication with the world outside. Except at these two points, this grassy peninsula running along the shoreline is fully a hundred feet above the level of the sea. It once was thickly inhabited, but the old native population has almost entirely vanished.

During the first six or seven years of the existence of the new settlement the lot of the unhappy exiles, quite apart from the horror of the disease which doomed them to their island prison, was miserable and even cruel. The government, wishing to work its new experiment as cheaply as possible, left the lepers very much to shift for themselves, and this was precisely what, by the very nature of the case, many of them were absolutely unable to do. Beyond purchasing the land and transferring the people to the few grass-thatched huts that existed on it, the authorities did little or nothing. They provided a few heifers and horses, one or two pairs of oxen, and a cart, and, having done this, the Hawaiian Board of Health actually hoped and imagined that with little or no delay the settlement would become self-supporting. This was a serious mistake made at the very outset. How could it be expected that some hundreds of diseased and suffering men, women, and children, many of them deprived of the use of their limbs, could show energy enough to build themselves houses, to plant and raise crops, and to establish law and order in their new home, as if they had been vigorous and voluntary emigrants? Of course they could do nothing of the kind, and the hopeless effort ended in confusion and misery. When the first batch of lepers arrived in Molokai six months had passed since the original inhabitants of the island had left it. During these six months of neglect the once cultivated fields had run to ruin; work on them was hard even for those who could work; and as fresh batches of sufferers continued to arrive, many of whom were unable to work at all, things went from bad to worse. The stronger settlers did what they could for themselves, leaving,

with perfect indifference, the weaker to perish in abandoned wretchedness. Storms of rain and wind, ruining such crops of vegetables as had been planted, increased the pervading misery. Thus the authorities were soon forcibly reminded that if, for the benefit of the islands as a whole, these poor people were compulsorily removed from their homes and from the care of their friends, it was the imperative duty of the government to see that their existence was not rendered more miserable than was absolutely unavoidable. Yet for a long time all that the government did was of the most insufficient kind. There was no one to superintend the settlement; the housing and supplies of food and clothing were perfectly lamentable; for the sufferers who were in the last stages of the disease there were no nurses, not even a hospital. It is hardly credible, but it is the fact, that there was not a doctor in the island. No wonder that in such circumstances as these the settlement soon fell into a state of frightful disorder. The physical horror of the place was hardly greater than its lawlessness, vice, and debauchery. Most miserable, squalid, and abandoned were the hundreds of quarrelling, drinking, dying lepers in the leper settlement at Molokai.

The extraordinary devotion of a European priest was the beginning of a great change for the better in this terrible state of things. In the early summer of 1873 a young Belgian Roman Catholic priest, who had previously been a missionary in Hawaii, and had thus been brought into some contact with the lepers of the islands, resolved to devote his life to the service of the wretched people in Molokai. In May, 1873, a Honolulu paper wrote:—

We have often said that the poor outcast lepers of Molokai, without pastor or physician, afforded an opportunity for the exercise of a noble Christian heroism, and we are happy to say that the hero has been found. When the Kilauea touched at Kalawao last Saturday, Monsigneur Maigret and Father Damien, a Belgian priest, went ashore. The venerable Bishop addressed the lepers with many comforting words, and introduced to them the good Father, who had volunteered to live with them and for them. Father Damien formed this resolution at the time, and was left ashore among the lepers without a home or a change of clothing, except such as the lepers had to offer. We care not what this man's theology may be; he is surely a Christian hero . . . We hope his Majesty will remember the good priest who has gone voluntarily to minister to his Majesty's afflicted

people on Molokai. If this is not a "faithful minister of the Gospel," we do not think he is to be found in these islands.

Father Damien was then thirty-three years of age, and in strong, robust health. He was a man of education and refinement, who might reasonably have looked forward to advancement in the Church. But he voluntarily sacrificed his future, dooming himself to live—and, of course, sooner rather than later to die—in a horror-stricken islet of the Pacific. For the first eleven years of his unremitting labor there, though he was in daily and hourly contact with all the physical dangers of the place, his own bodily health remained sound. But in 1884 there were forebodings; in 1885 the unmistakable signs began to show themselves; and now the Belgian priest, still hardly past the prime of his life, is unable to enjoy even an occasional return to such civilization as Honolulu might offer him, for he is a leper himself among the lepers of Molokai. Writing to a friend in 1886, he says—

Having no doubt of the real character of my disease, I feel calm, resigned, and happier among my people. Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctification, and with that conviction I say daily a good *Fiat voluntas Tua*. Please pray for your afflicted friend, and recommend me and my unhappy people to all servants of the Lord.

The beginning of real improvement in the leper settlement may be said to date from the year in which Father Damien thus exiled himself forever from the civilized world. He himself, in an official report addressed to the Hawaiian Board of Health, has given an account of his work for thirteen years among the lepers. When he landed in Molokai the state of the island was not quite as bad as it had been immediately after the foundation of the settlement. Private charity and some increase of government assistance had done something to improve matters. But even in 1873 things were still bad enough. "The miserable condition of the settlement at that time," says the father, "gave it the name of a living graveyard." There were more than eight hundred lepers at that time in Molokai. In their miserable grass huts "were living pell-mell, without distinction of ages or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers to one another, these unfortunate outcasts of society. They passed their time in play-

* News of the death of Father Damien has lately been received. — L. A.

ing cards, *hula* (native dances), drinking fermented ki-root beer, home-made alcohol, and with the sequels of all this."

Father Damien was a priest, and his self-imposed duties, which would in any case have been onerous and painful enough, should not have been increased by the neglects and shortcomings of the civil administration. Yet it was Damien's first discovery that the temporal wants of his people were as great as their spiritual needs, and that if he was to do any good to their souls he must first of all do what he could for their bodies. When the government had discovered the fatal absurdity of imagining that such a community might be left to support itself, supplies of food were from time to time despatched from Honolulu. But the poor people, one of the symptoms of whose disease is extreme voracity, complained bitterly of the inadequacy of the provisions doled out to them. And these supplies, all necessarily coming by sea, were irregular as well as insufficient, for Kalaupapa, at that time the only landing-place in the island, was in rough weather unapproachable by small boat or sailing-vessel. To add to this serious grievance, it was not at Kalaupapa that the lepers were settled. When Damien landed, Kalaupapa was only a deserted village of three or four wooden cottages and a few ruined grass huts. The lepers lived at Kalawao; to get such supplies as were sent them they must go to the landing-place, and this journey of two or three miles was often a task beyond their strength. What wonder that the whole settlement was full of angry and sad complainings?

A first source of vexation and suffering was removed when it was arranged that for the future the food-supplies should be sent to the island by a small steamer instead of by sailing-vessel, so that regularity of arrival should at least be secured. And, as the water supply was bad and difficult of access, in the summer of 1873 some water-pipes were delivered to the settlement, those of the lepers who had the necessary strength gladly helping to lay them down. In the same year—the first year of the epoch of reform for Molokai—a new Board of Health granted an additional allowance of food. An easily digestible vegetable called *taro*, containing much starch, forms the best nourishment for the lepers and is their staple food. On the north side of Molokai the natives of the island cultivate it in three valleys; but, as the wall of cliffs prevents traffic by road,

the taro is cooked and sent by sea, being then known as *parai* or *pot*. Rice, and meat or fish in lieu of the poi, are the other articles mainly provided. Sweet potatoes are cultivated by those lepers who are strong enough to plant and dig. But, though the additional allowance of food granted by the government was welcome, Damien had for years to urge that what was absolutely necessary on this side had not yet been done. A committee which visited Molokai in 1878 was obliged to report that the wants of the people required far more consideration and attention than had yet been shown to them. Damien gave the committee an instance of the criminal carelessness with which the settlement was treated. An attempt had quite recently been made to drive a hundred head of cattle from the other side of the island over the precipices into the settlement. Twenty of the cattle were killed by falling over the sheer cliffs, and their carcasses were served out as food for the lepers. As a result of Damien's representations and of the committee's inquiries, some slight improvements were made in 1878; but, in spite of this, when the queen and princess visited Molokai in 1884—Damien being among those who received them—the lepers were still complaining much of the insufficient food, and Mr. Ambrose Hutchison, the under-superintendent of the entire settlement, admitted that their complaints were not exaggerated. The royal visitors, examining for themselves, and inspecting the stores, found the stock of salmon so mouldy and soft as to be quite unfit for use, the sugar dark and dirty, and the bread, while tolerable considering its inferior quality, yet worse than that supplied to the prisons in the islands. The princess herself drew up a report recommending more and better food and water. Much has been done since that time, but there is still abundant room for improvement. As late as 1886, Damien sadly writes to the Board of Health: "Let me regretfully state, it is now several years, up to the present day, that not one-tenth of our lepers outside of the hospital yard have been enabled to enjoy the benefit of a small daily supply of milk."

If the lepers, when Damien arrived among them, were miserably supplied with food, they were even in worse straits for shelter. They were for the most part living in mere huts made of branches of the castor-oil tree, covered over with grass or with leaves of the sugarcane. These small, damp huts, which hardly afforded a

covering at all, greatly increased the frightful progress of the disease in the island. It is needless to add that the wretchedness of these so-called dwellings also greatly added to the peculiar loathsomeness of the disease, so that the young priest, while fulfilling his religious duties, was frequently forced to rush out of a hut that he might breathe the fresh, pure air. To reform all this was one of the first of the tasks which Damien set himself. It happened that in the winter of 1874 a heavy gale blew down the greater part of these half-rotten hovels, leaving many of the helpless lepers to lie in their blankets exposed to the wind and rain. Through Damien's representations, some schooner-loads of wooden framework were shipped to the island. This material was dealt out to the dwellers on the settlement. Those of the lepers who had a little money hired their own carpenters; some of the newer comers built their own dwellings at their own expense; while Damien himself constructed a good many small houses for those who had no means whatever. Later on, the Board of Health erected a number of comfortable dwellings. And thus, says Damien:—

Little by little, at comparatively small expense to the Government, combined with private and charitable resources, were inaugurated the comfortable houses which constitute to-day the two decent-looking villages of Kalawao and Kalaupapa. I estimate the number of houses at present [1886], both large and small, somewhat over three hundred, nearly all whitewashed, and, so far, clean and neat, although a number of them are not yet provided with good windows. These houses, of course, cannot have the proper ventilation they need. . . . I am happy to remark that, if I compare the present with the past, the unfortunate people of to-day are not only more comfortable and better off in every respect, but their disease in general is a great deal milder and less progressive, and, in consequence, the death-rate is not so high. This is greatly due to an improvement in the houses.

Thus Damien had done what he could to procure for the exiles sufficient food and comfortable shelter. But the authorities had shown their usual remissness in one other essential particular. When Damien arrived in Molokai he found the lepers suffering much for the want of warm clothing. The small quantity of clothing supplied by the government to each sufferer was actually expected to last for a whole year. On account of the inadequacy of the water supply, the miserably insufficient dress, which was all that most of the settlers had, was too often de-

fective in cleanliness and decency. Some of the lepers, it is true, occasionally received gifts from their friends in the different islands, but the friendless had no resource at all. There was not even a store in Molokai where those who had a little money of their own could buy the simplest necessities of dress. Damien could not work reform by magic, but with his arrival improvement began. A store was erected to supply, among other things, small luxuries and extras of food to those who could afford them, but especially for the sale of clothing. The government, abolishing its yearly grant of garments, allowed in their place six dollars a year to each leper. This was a little better, but in 1886 Damien has still to write that the allowance is far too small for those who have no outside friends to assist them, and that charity alone can supply the deficiency.

There was one other terrible drawback to anything like well-being in the settlement when Damien devoted his life to it. Though it was a colony of sick men and women, there was no resident doctor. A medical man visited the island only about once a month, and this miserably insufficient arrangement positively lasted for five years after Damien's arrival. Till 1878, he himself, assisted by a European leper, had to do such doctoring as he could. There was, indeed, a so-called hospital at Kalawao, but the name was a mockery. It was a hospital where there were no doctors, no sisters of mercy, no resident nurses; where the only attendants were unpaid ones, who went and came as they pleased; who really had come to the island to attend only to their own personal friends, and who could not be compelled, or perhaps even expected, to do more. But what a wonderful change has now been effected! There is now a resident physician. In the hospital buildings at Kalawao this doctor has placed medicines with such simple instructions that any one of ordinary intelligence can understand them. He has opened a dispensary at Kalaupapa, and does all he can to palliate the disease which he knows he need not try to cure. For the worst cases of all there are now excellently arranged hospitals, clean wooden buildings standing in a fenced enclosure of about two acres, with well-watered gardens for flowers and vegetables. Yet in spite of all this the lepers have a not unnatural prejudice against the hospital, for they remember the old mockery at Kalawao. They even seem to feel a dread of it, and what

wonder? for in the old days when a patient entered the hospital it was the custom to send along with him, in the same conveyance, the coffin he was soon to occupy.

And Damien's more especial work as a priest and teacher? For the children who live in the settlement with their parents or friends he has erected two schools. Close to Damien's house, and under his immediate charge, are two other buildings, one for boys, one for girls, children who are all separately lodged, and are all either orphans or utterly friendless in the island. In 1872 there was only one little Protestant Church, its minister, a native of the islands, himself a leper; now there are five churches, two Roman Catholic, two Protestant, and one Mormon. Small in extent as the settlement is, Damien was not satisfied till he had built two places of worship, in order that the feeblest of his people might find a church within his reach. Before Damien's time the Church did as little for the lepers in death as in life. As the government did not supply the two dollars which was the price of a rough board coffin, the unfortunates who died absolutely penniless were often buried without a coffin, even of the roughest and rudest kind. The poor wretches, in order to provide a common fund for their decent interment, formed a coffin association and held "coffin-feasts," at which contributions were made to the fund. But now, adjoining one at least of his churches, Damien has a large and well-inclosed burial-ground, where the dead are solemnly buried, whether they belong to Damien's own communion or not.

What a wonderful change this devoted man has worked everywhere in this abandoned islet! When he first reached it, the lepers were in a state of the most terrible degradation. "In this place there is no law," was the saying current among them. Though the other Hawaiian islands had abolished idolatry and adopted Christianity, in Molokai — where there was no missionary, no priest — the old paganism and all its horrible consequences reigned supreme. To make bad worse, the people had discovered a root which, when cooked and distilled in a very crude way, produced an intoxicating liquor of the most frightful kind, making those who drank it more like beasts than men. But Damien came, a priest and a teacher, among these abandoned, dying wretches. At first, as he says himself, his labors seemed to be almost in vain. But his kindness, his charity, his sympathy, and his religious zeal had not long to wait before their influence

was felt. Before he reached Molokai, the leper settlement was squalid, hideous, almost hellish; now it is a peaceful, law-abiding community, presenting an attractive and even on some sides a cheerful appearance. It is a colony of neat, white-washed wooden cottages, some of them standing in the pasture lands, some amongst fields of sweet potatoes, some even having their verandahs and gardens of bananas and sugarcane. Many of the lepers — who are all free from any payment of rent or taxes — form little colonies among themselves, enclosing and cultivating small patches of land, and living some little distance away from the two villages. In spite of their hopeless condition, it seems they are not really unhappy; they are fortunately not deprived of their share of that cheerfulness which is one of the marked characteristics of the Hawaiian people. Like their happier kinsfolk, they adorn themselves with wreaths of flowers in the pretty Hawaiian fashion; they have their company of Volunteers, and their very popular band of music. They carry out, as far as they can, the life of an ordinary Hawaiian village. Some of them weave mats; some open little shops for the sale of tobacco and small native trifles. All of them keep to the last their love of ornament, of bright colors, and especially of flowers. On one occasion they even had a grand ball in their hospital. What a Dance of Death!

Much as Father Damien, single-handed, has done for this poor flock of his, he could do, and is anxious to do, far more. The Hawaiian government, with its limited resources, cannot perhaps give more assistance to the lepers than it now does, and the benevolence of the Hawaiian islanders has, of course, its necessarily fixed limits. For Father Damien himself the outside world can do nothing, for he is under a vow of poverty; but help given to his suffering people is really help given to himself. He has not spared himself in the lepers' service. (He has been their "doctor, nurse, carpenter, schoolmaster, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook, sometimes even their undertaker and gravedigger.") It is pleasant to know that his work has not passed entirely without English recognition. In at least one clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. H. B. Chapman, vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, Damien has found a friend whose sympathy has gone beyond mere words. In 1886 Mr. Chapman was able to send nearly a thousand pounds to Damien, most of the subscriptions coming from the

poor. Damien in January, 1887, gratefully thanked his English friends:—

My Reverend and Dear Sir,— Your two letters of December 1, with enclosed draft for 975⁴., arrived safely on the 17th inst. May your highly appreciated endeavor to assist my unfortunate people be as a magnetic point to attract special graces upon you, your family, and all the generous contributors, and thus be verified in each and every one of you the words of the Holy Scripture, *Benefacit anima sua vir misericors*, "A merciful man doeth good to his own soul." . . . I greatly thank the charitable donors for the unbounded confidence they place in me for the disposal and distribution of their generous gifts for the comfort of the needy and unfortunate lepers. Being just now in the cold season, I send to-day to our Honolulu importers a large order for goods to supply all our needy, without distinction of race or creed, with suitable cloth and other necessities. The balance of the fund, whatsoever it may be, will be kept in reserve for future wants. By the arrival of these goods the scent of the flower of English love will be greatly appreciated by a great many poor destitute sufferers, whose cold and benumbed limbs will feel again the comfort of warm cloth. The majority of the receivers will, without doubt, express their thanks to their benefactors, and offer a fervent prayer for them. . . . I remain forever your affectionate friend in our Divine Lord, *Öreumus pro invicem*,
J. DAMIEN DE VEUSTER.

The large increase in the number of the lepers in Molokai compelled Damien to begin in 1888 the erection of yet another church. It is pleasant to have to add that when the obscure secretary of an obscure and rabidly ultra-Protestant society very abusively assailed Mr. Chapman for again coming to the assistance of a man whom this remarkable secretary had discovered to be "an idolatrous priest of Antichrist" and a "devotee of Baal," the only result was a large increase in the fund for the self-sacrificing father. The obscure secretary must console himself as best he can. If this strange individual thinks that the only issue of Damien's labor among the lepers is to make them "twofold more children of hell than he is himself,"—well, so much the worse for this strange individual. (One need not share Damien's particular form of faith to recognize the simple and unrewarded heroism of his life and work. There are not too many heroisms in the world; the earth, as Carlyle said, will not become too God-like.) Obscure bigots who are never tired of proclaiming that they are Christians will take very good care of that. But to ignorant intolerance, which presumes to revile such a life as Damien's because he is not this

and he is not that, may be very decisively applied the crushing rebuke which the brother of the dead Ophelia addressed to the "churlish priest" in "Hamlet."

ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE.

From All The Year Round.
TIPPING.

THERE is an old-fashioned street in an extremely sober and sleepy town of Stafford which rejoices in the name of Tipping. It is not very far from that Swan Inn which was immortalized by Dickens, on a certain rainy, dreary day, under the title of the Dodo.

The name of Tipping is suggestive. Whether the gentleman, who once was the proud owner of it, ever expected that it would one day pass, if not into classical, at least into popular English, is not told us. But the term "tipping" is supposed to have been derived from this same street, which probably gained its title from some obscure and modest-minded person, who little thought of the halo of popularity which was to grow round his name when he was forgotten.

The cause of its adaptation to one of the most important systems in our daily existence is not perhaps exactly creditable to the ethics of Tipping Street. In the days when the world had not become as moral as it is to-day, or, probably, had not learned so well the art of not being found out, the inhabitants of Stafford and its surrounding localities used to assemble, during the elections, in Tipping Street, and there, with the guilelessness of cheerful innocence, sell their votes to any one of the contending gentlemen who happened to make it most worth their while. There was an Arcadian simplicity about this which should be respected.

A small and ragged Sunday-school boy, whose reasoning powers were in advance of his years, when asked one day to contribute a penny to a foreign mission, sat thoughtful for a few seconds, and then declined to share that penny with unknown little blacks in the centre of Africa, expressing his opinion that it was no kindness to teach them different things; for if they were taught, and then did wrong, it would be bad for them, whereas now, as they knew no better, nobody expected anything from them. The School Board and the moral training of his Sunday-school weighed hard on himself, and he spoke feelingly.

Perhaps, if those irresponsible voters, who thronged Tipping Street before the political world had become so extremely critical, had lived in these days of complicated ethics, they might have felt a little like that small, ragged boy. Bribery and corruption are unpleasant epithets to be hurled at your head when you only want to live in peace and quietness with your neighbors, especially those more fortunately placed in social position than yourself.

And if you are of a simple frame of mind, with no taste for subtle reasoning, you find yourself unable to see the difference between selling your vote in the public thoroughfare of Tipping Street, for a five-pound note, and giving it to the husband of some great lady, who lays her beautiful, delicate hand in yours, and, smiling ravishingly up into your bewildered eyes, promises that you shall have that new chimney put to your roof. The chimney, or the smile, or the dainty touch, or perhaps all combined, prove as irresistible a tip as the five-pound note.

There are two sides to the question of tipping, as there are mostly two sides to every condition existing on this planet. Some people look at it from one aspect, others from the second. The tipper and the tipped take their place on a totally different standpoint, and their vision is naturally varied. The tipper may even feel a keen desire to apply the toe of his boot to the person of the individual he is tipping, but he must suppress his feelings and hand him the sovereign or ten shillings as the case may be, in obedience to the law of social life, which compels us to offer up this sacrifice to appearances. Our friend's butler may have handed our last new hat to another visitor, who, we may have strong reason to believe, will never relinquish the prize, and presents us, with solemn deference, with the old one left in its place; and we must hide our emotion and tip him, as if we were truly glad to receive our own again. The ill-concealed insolence of the smart-liveried footman as he helps us on with the shabby overcoat, which has seen more winters than it should have done pass over our respected head, has to be rewarded in a similar fashion. The friend's gamekeeper who has uttered with a grin in an audible whisper to the man next you, who has just brought down the bird you missed, that it would be safer for him to stand in front of you, looks out at the end of the day for the sovereign with which you smilingly present him, wishing all the time you could

at least make a hole with it through him instead. You feel in your heart, that, for once that day, you might distinguish yourself as he stands there, civil and solemn, but with the consciousness of all your wasted shots beaming in his eye.

The schoolboy who has frightened his maiden aunt into fits by his daring escapades in her trees, or on her roof; who has driven you nearly wild by his joyous and sublimely indifferent disregard of all your cut-and-dried rules of life, expects a parting tip, as if you were both broken-hearted at the withdrawal of his peace-destroying presence. You give it, knowing that it will be hastily laid out, to the waste of your hardly earned coin, and to the danger of his constitution, and that probably all the glory you will gain in the one-sided transaction will consist of the patronizingly affectionate exclamation uttered to the other young vandals aiding in the consumption of the tarts you could not help buying: "He's not a bad old trout, as uncles go." The maiden aunt, in her turn, has also sacrificed under the law of tipping, by cramming, with noble fortitude, a hamper full of deleterious luxuries, overlooking the sad fact that her cockatoo has an addition—the reverse of complimentary to her fellow-creatures—to its vocabulary; and that her poodle has not yet recovered from the severe act of shaving it underwent privately one morning, causing her dismay and grief unspeakable. But if we suffer, we suffer in good company.

Poor royalty laments over the costly system of present-giving, which its exalted position necessitates, when it pays visits, and often wisely decides to stay at home if the family exchequer happens to be rather emptier than usual.

The very conditions of our social life are interwoven with this web of tipping. For tipping itself takes many forms. It is not always in the shape of hard cash. Perhaps, after all, that is the easiest tribute to pay, and one, too, which, measured after the standard that makes a man's self of more importance than his pocket, involves the least loss to himself. There is a tipping that turns the tipped into a kind of moral doormat, upon which any man of rank and influence may wipe his shoes. The fawning servility, the fulsome adulation, the pandering to petty desires and ignoble passions, are all so many tips paid to Fortune, who appears for the time in the guise of powerful statesman, or influential noble, or wealthy merchant. Perhaps it is but fair to say, that this moral

tipping may seem on occasions to be unconscious.

For instance, when, being of an artistic temperament, you admire with great fervor the decidedly reddish locks of your chief's favorite daughter, seeing in them the burnished gold in which the painters of old delighted, you may, or may not, know that you are tipping the man in whose hands your future prosperity rests. It is lucky for you that you have artistic tastes, that is all. And when promotion comes, you would be highly indignant at being told that it had reached you through anything but your own merits. It is just as well; and as tipping and being tipped will probably endure until there is another universal deluge, we had better make the best of it, and try, with worldly wisdom, to get as many tips as we give.

From The Athenæum.

CLOTHES AND CONDUCT ON BOARD AN OLD INDIAMAN.

MANY Anglo-Indian readers of the *Athenæum* will be interested in the following extract from a letter written in 1788 by a lady in India to her younger sister, who was about to undertake the voyage to Calcutta, telling her what outfit to take with her and what should be her behavior on board ship. I have added a few foot-notes.

GEORGE BIRDWOOD.

All fine dresses of gauze* or Caps or handkerchiefs are perfectly useless in this country. A couple of plain lute string† gowns and coats will be necessary on your first arrival, three or four Manchester muslins,‡ made in the newest fashions, as undress. Stays are unnecessary in this country, but bring one pair of silk ones with very little bone in them; a few tiffany handkerchiefs,§ and aprons to

wear at first. The only things that will be of use here are ribbands,* shoes, silk stockings, and gloves, of these you must lay in as large a stock as your money will allow; plain ribbands of all sizes are best. You must be careful to lay aside 7 or 8 of your best suits of linen, particularly handkerchiefs, to wear on your first coming on shore. Make all your dresses with long sleeves—short ones are never worn here.

I will give you a list of what things are absolutely necessary for your voyage. A dark Habit, for the first part of the voyage, let it be very well made as it will serve as a pattern here; some gowns of any kind of stuff you like for the latter part of the voyage, the darker they are the fewer you will want, and stuff petticoats. You will find flannel ones necessary for the first two months, you must have cotton ones after, take care to have a few white upper petticoats to wear on coming on shore, gauze handkerchiefs are best for the voyage, they keep longest clean, make all your ship gowns with long sleeves, take care to bring towels and wash balls,† bottle and bason, and several tooth-brushes. Make a quantity of burnt bread, it is the best powder you can use (take notice, coming into a warm climate it is very necessary to keep your teeth very clean). For your beds which will be very small, bring a mattress, the most wholesome thing you can lay on in a hot country, with a blanket for the beginning of the voyage and a couple of pillows, with sheets, and a dark counterpane. Powder and pomatum you must bring and use on the voyage, or you will be apt to lose your hair. Bring for the voyage, 4 dozen of shifts, stockings 4 dozen, as fine as you can afford to buy them, as they are useful in this country (all my coarse ones are lost by my not being able to wear them here), five pair of stuff shoes for the voyage. You must calculate for a voyage of five months and then you will see what is necessary, changing twice a week your linen. For this country you must bring two dozen pair of silk or sattin shoes, take

* At this date the manufacture of thin silken "gauzes" had migrated from Spitalfields to Paisley, which then furnished all Europe, including France, with them.

† The manufacture of *lustrine*, which word we corrupted into "lutestring," was introduced into England by the refugees from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1685. This lustrous silk was much used here for ladies' dresses in the last century. It had been imported from France in the reign of Charles II.

‡ This is a very early record of Manchester muslins, the manufacture of this delicate cotton stuff having begun simultaneously at Glasgow (Robert Monteith), Paisley, and Bolton in 1780, *i.e.*, only eight years before the date of this letter.

§ The writer really means breast-kerchiefs or fichus.

The use of "thinne Sidonian tiffanay," that is, of "dressed" (*tiffer*, "to dress up") or "gummed" gauze, for kerchiefs in England followed, and was probably due to, the publication in 1763 of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "Letters from Constantinople."

* At this date there was a mild recrudescence of the rage for ribbons which characterized the reigns of Charles II. and James II., only at the later period it broke out exclusively on the women.

† Compounded of soap and powdered pumice. "Wash-balls" of soap and fine sand are still in use under their old name. Gerard, speaking of gum-storax, says there were made from it in his time "perfumes, pomanders, sweet-waters, sweet-bags, sweet-washing-balls, and divers other sweet chaines and bracelets."

care they are not lined with leather, it rots them; as great a quantity of ribbands as you can afford; 1 doz pair silk stockings; 2 doz pair gloves, white, six pair long and the rest short. Mr. Y— says make all your shoes slippers, buckles are useless and expensive; two or three straw hats, untrimmed but lined, you can put ribband on yourself, buy three handsome white feathers and a nosegay, they will be useful. All the cloaths you will want for the voyage put in one box; what you bring for this country in another. The box you will want place in your cabin, the other, let it be put in the hold, it will be safe there. Bring a quantity of pins. Your Brother will do what you want in London; if he can introduce you to the captain before you go on board it will be better. Let him inquire if there will be any woman on board, soldiers wives or black servants, returning, and agree with one to attend you. Give her two or three guineas at leaving the ship, and what clothes you will not use again. Have one dress ready to come on shore in, a plain white Manchester and a straw hat with ribbands is as genteel a thing as you can wear. The half peice of muslin you will get, you had better make it into handkerchiefs to wear on your arrival; do not cut them into single ones but double.

And now my dear — let me give you a little advice in respect to being on board a ship. If there are any ladies on board be friendly with them, but be cautious with whom you are very intimate; be as much in your own cabin as you can; the captain, if he is a genteel man, will be attentive to you; be polite to him, and all the officers and gentlemen that may be on board, but do not allow them to talk familiarly with you; the less you are with them the more they will respect you. Your Father or some of your friends will I hope give you a few good and useful books.* Read and work, but avoid being idle. You have plenty of time to write, and will

always keep a letter ready for your Father or Mother, least you should stop or meet a homeward bound ship. You must expect to be a little sick at first, but if you live abstemiously some time before you go on board, you will not suffer so much. Take with you some portable soup; * it is the best thing you can take when you are sick, and avoid eating then; and keep up your spirits and depend upon being kindly received by an affectionate Brother and Sister.

* The advertisements I possess of outfitters for India show that at the end of last century and the beginning of this the "Necessaries for a Lady" *en voyage* always included "portable soup," and "Bristol water," "Aquebusade," "Capillaire," "quarter chests of Oranges," "boxes of Mann's biscuits" and of "Ginger-bread nuts," and "Chocolate."

From The Spectator.

THE ITALIANS AND THE REPUBLIC OF THE PLATA.

THE irony of fate has never been better exemplified than in the course of Italian colonization. While Signor Crispi, supported by the most vigorous and determined section of the nation, has poured out blood and treasure on the African coast of the Red Sea almost without result, the humblest of his countrymen have been silently, but none the less surely, taking possession of what is unquestionably one of the richest and most fertile portions of the globe. Italy has been struggling for the barest foothold at Massowah, and after four years of fighting has only succeeded in possessing herself of as much ground as can be covered by the rifles of her soldiers, but her subjects have been pouring unchecked into the great alluvial plains of temperate South America, and converting the Argentine Republic, by a process far easier and far more secure than conquest, into an Italian State. The Republic may remain Spanish in name and outward appearance, but nothing can possibly prevent its population from ultimately becoming entirely Italianized. Just as the Hollanders of New York, the French of New Orleans, and the Spaniards of Texas and California, have become or are fast becoming lost in the English race, which though not the first, has proved the strongest in the field, so the Spaniards of the Plata are destined to be engulfed and absorbed by settlers from Naples, Tuscany, and Venetia.

The facts as to the yearly increasing stream of Italian immigration are strik-

* The reading on board the Indiamen of the period was limited, but solid, and very "feeding" — the Bible, Buchan's "Domestic Medicine," Johnson's and other dictionaries, Taplin's "Farriery," Hoyle's "Book of Games," Fanny Burney's and Charlotte Smith's novels, Glass's and Farley's cookery books, Macpherson's "Ossian," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," Persian and Arabic *even more than* Hindustani dictionaries, Bell's "British Theatre," Shakespeare, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, Smollett, Langhorne's "Plutarch," Gilchrist's "East India Vade Mecum," and "Ainslie on Cholera Morbus." These, with an odd military work, such as "Struensee [not J. F.] on Field Fortification," were the books, in the order of their frequency, carried out in every ship to India, from the end of the last to the beginning of the present century, before the time of Scott and Byron. Also, always "all new books for children."

ingly set forth in one of the new Consular Reports,—a series of extraordinary variety, embracing as it does every subject of human interest, from "Bricklaying in Frosty Weather" to "The Plum Crop in Bosnia." Mr. Jenner, in his communications to the Foreign Office, gives the facts without any attempt to draw conclusions, and with a praiseworthy desire to understate his case. Yet for all that, the statistics he provides point to only one conclusion,—that which we have just described. During the last thirty-three years, about a million and a half immigrants have reached the Argentine provinces. Of these, 65·25 per cent. are officially set down as Italians. The figures, however, do not sufficiently indicate their real preponderance. In the first place, a fourth of the total immigrants are not classified except as entering the state by way of Monte Video, where it is very common for transshipments of passengers from Europe to take place. Probably if the Monte Video returns were analyzed, the percentage of Italians would work out as not less than seventy-five per cent. of the whole. But there is another and still more important fact to be borne in mind. The Italians in South America increase with remarkable rapidity, the marriages made between them and the natives proving peculiarly fruitful—a circumstance not observed in such a high degree amongst the other immigrants. In 1885, the Italian Chamber of Commerce of Buenos Ayres calculated that the inhabitants of Italian birth and parentage then residing in the republic numbered over a million, while at the present moment it is estimated that persons in whom Italian blood or Italian race-influence predominates, constitute more than half the existing population, now reckoned to be over three millions and a half. Under such circumstances, can it be doubted that in a very few years the Italianization of the valley of the Plata will be complete? The only fact that tells against such a supposition is the newly adopted immigration policy of the Argentine government, which has lately instructed its agents in Europe to do all in their power to attract immigration from among the northern races. The danger of being swamped by the most vigorous of the Latin peoples is fully realized at Buenos Ayres, and considerable numbers of Belgians, Hollanders, North Germans, and Swedes have already been attracted by almost free passages and generous grants of land. We doubt, however, the continued success of such a policy.

Emigration flows with difficulty in new channels. The German who desires to leave the fatherland will infinitely prefer the United States, where he will find three million countrymen already settled, to a land where as yet only fifteen thousand persons of his race have chosen to make their homes. The same influences will work against an influx of Belgians and Swedes, except when recourse is had to inducements too heavy to be long maintained. The Italians, on the other hand, are already accustomed to come to the Plata, are specially attracted by the large number of their countrymen now living there, and are, therefore, certain to continue their influx. Again, French immigration, which up till now has ranked high in numbers—constituting ten per cent. of the total—and has done something to counteract the influence of the Italians, is apparently about to cease; for the prefects of the departments have, it is reported, received instructions from Paris which are tantamount to a prohibition of emigration to the Argentine Republic. In view of these facts, we can hardly doubt that at the end of the next ten years—when it is calculated that two million more immigrants will have reached the Republic, and when its population will be about seven millions—the Italian race will be in an overwhelming majority. The closing of the United States to Englishmen, Irishmen, and Germans, and a consequent rebound of emigration on South America, is the only circumstance which could prevent such a result, but it need not be entertained as a practical question. The end of the century, then, will, in all human probability, see a powerful and populous Italian State, mainly peopled by men of Italian race, possessing an Italian civilization, occupying the natural trading centre of one-half of the New World, and dominating the whole of the South Atlantic sea-board. Even Spanish indolence and Spanish indifference have not prevented South American commerce from taking a foremost position in the world. What results, then, may we not look for when Italian ingenuity, and that spirit of mercantile enterprise which in a bygone age made Lombard and financier synonymous terms, obtain a scope for their energies such as they have hardly enjoyed since the destruction of the Roman Empire?

It may be worth while to consider for a moment what is the nature of the heritage which the Italians have secured for themselves in southern America. We hear

every day of nations spending millions in wars and expeditions to gain some poisonous strip of the African coast-line, to seize an island about as big as Skye in the Pacific, or to keep or extend their influence over some insignificant Asiatic prince, whose possessions consist of the already thickly peopled and malarious delta of some tropical river. At this moment, Germany is showing herself content to spend her resources, usually so carefully husbanded, in order to gain a fragment of the Zanzibar coast, while France but a year or two ago plunged into endless complications for wider possessions in Cochin China. Yet the lands of the Argentine Republic, which are being gained, if not nominally, yet actually, for Italy without trouble or expense on her part, and merely by the overspill of her population, are among the most valuable in the world. Imagine a quarter of a million square miles of treeless plain, with a deep and rich alluvial soil, covered with long grass, and with here and there clumps of gigantic thistles. Such is the huge valley of the Parana and its affluents, which constitutes more than half the area of the Argentine Republic. Remember, too, that the climate is one of the best in the world, — so temperate that men of European race can live and work in it without injury; so genial that it will produce almost every conceivable fruit of the earth. Already the vines and apple-trees which have been imported from Europe and escaped, form huge thickets in many of the uninhabited parts of the country, and provide food for the wandering Indians, who thus unwittingly have made their first acquaintance

with civilization. And what is as important as a temperate climate and a rich soil, the settler need not break his heart in the effort to subdue the primeval forest. The land is ready cleared waiting for the plough, and will yield crop on crop to those who take the trouble to scratch the surface. The Egyptian delta has been represented as a miracle of fertility; but in truth it cannot for a moment compare with the great river-plains of the Plata, where no annual overflow is required as a necessary condition of existence, and where the sun is not for half the year the very enemy of the human race. Without a doubt, the Italians, if they secure the Argentine Republic for themselves, though they are the last of the colonizing races, will not have fared the worst. Of the half-million square miles it contains, half is fertile beyond any land on the face of the earth, and of the rest, only half is barren. In other words, a country as big as ten Englands, and capable of holding easily a hundred millions of people, seems to be destined to fall to the lot of Italy. But though the prize is so rich, it cannot be said that the race which has given the arts to the modern world, which created the commercial machinery by which mankind supplies its wants, and, what is still more important, which has lived down and triumphed over the brutal materialism that sprang from the intoxication of the Renaissance, has been over-lucky in the land-lottery of the nations. The Italians have conferred benefits on the world which would amply justify an even greater inheritance.

COLORS, WHERE THEY COME FROM. —

From the cochineal insects are obtained the gorgeous carmine, as well as the crimson, scarlet, carmine, and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttlefish to render the water opaque for its concealment when attacked. Indian yellow is from the camel. Ivory black and bone black are made out of ivory chips. The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots, barks, and gums. Blue-black is from the charcoal of the vine-stalk. Lampblack is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan, is manufactured Turkey red. Gamboge comes from the yellow

sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is an earth from Umbria, and is also burnt. To these vegetable pigments may probably be added Indian ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese, who alone produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic — the base of the varnish so called — is from the gum of the mastic-tree, indigenous to the Grecian archipelago. Bistre is the soot of wood ashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis-lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and cinnabar, or native vermilion, is from quicksilver ore.

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